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LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

by

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

EDITED BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

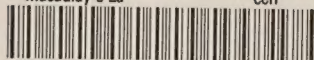


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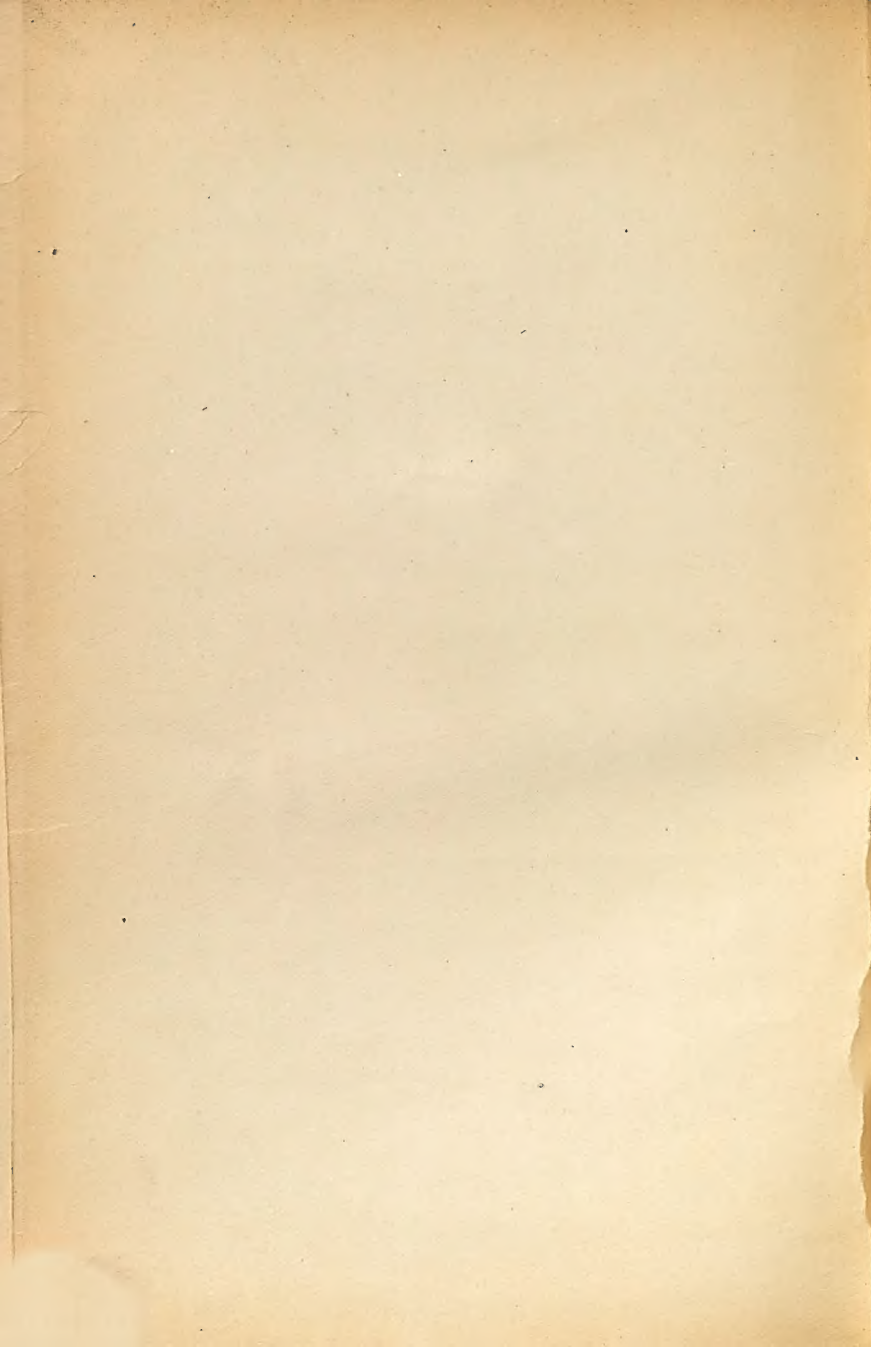
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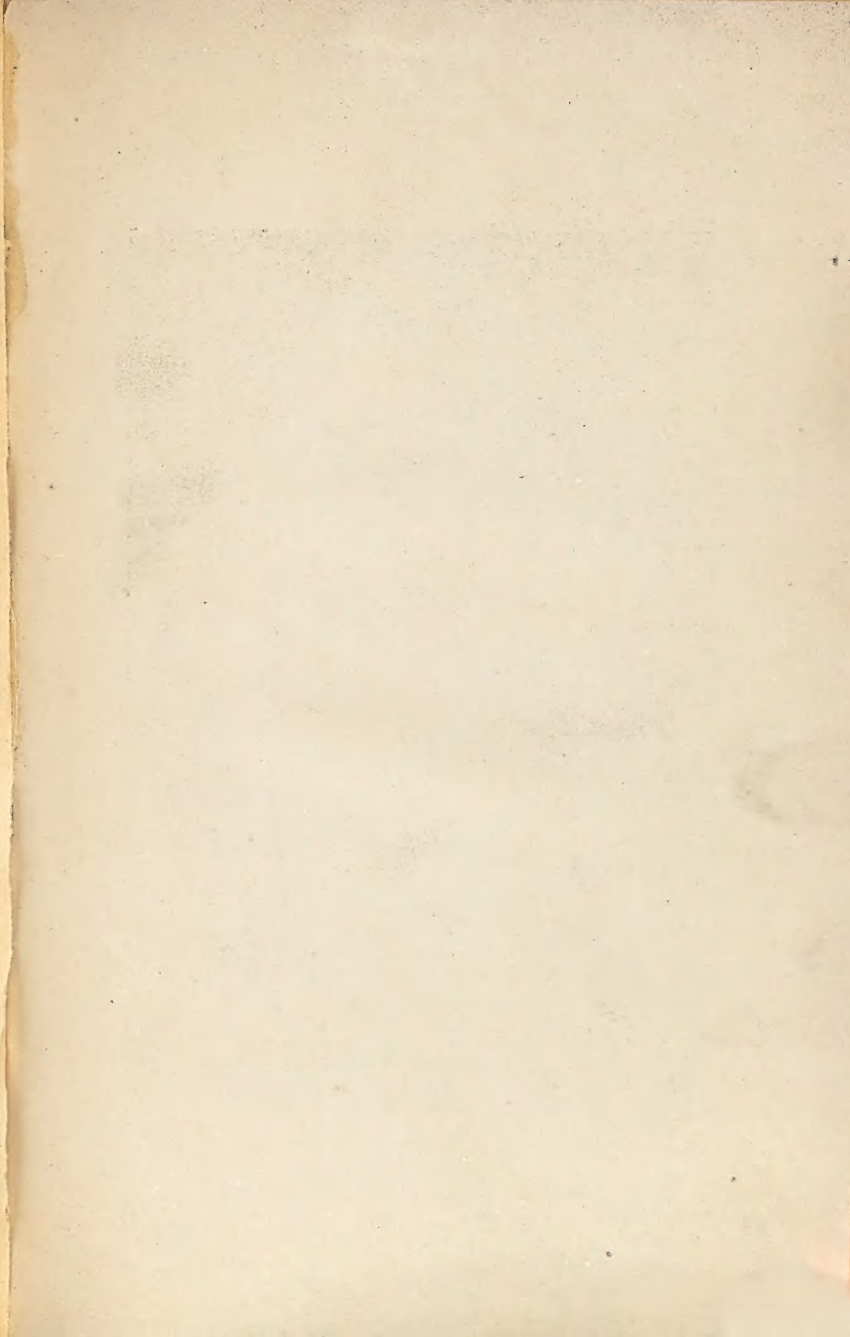
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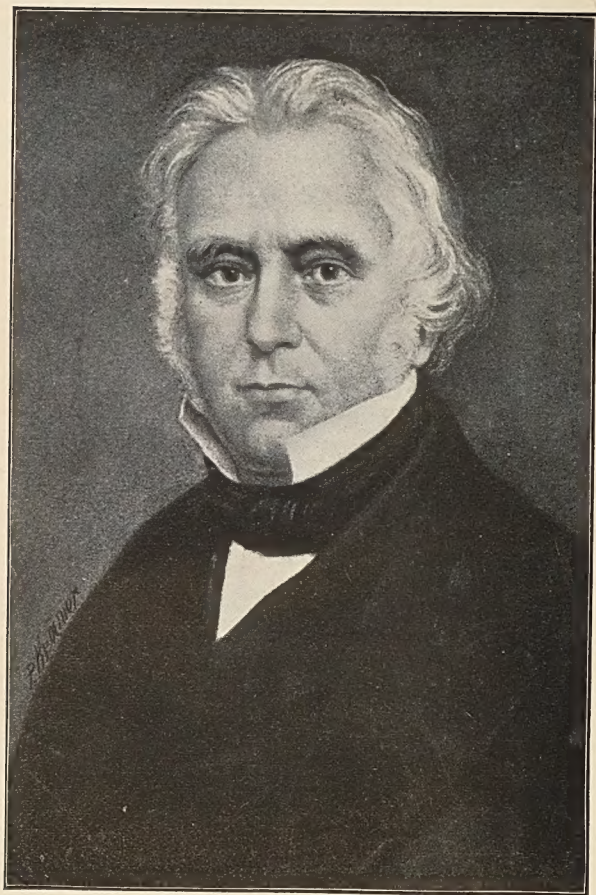
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The Silver Series of English and American Classics

MACAULAY'S
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

DUFFIELD OSBORNE



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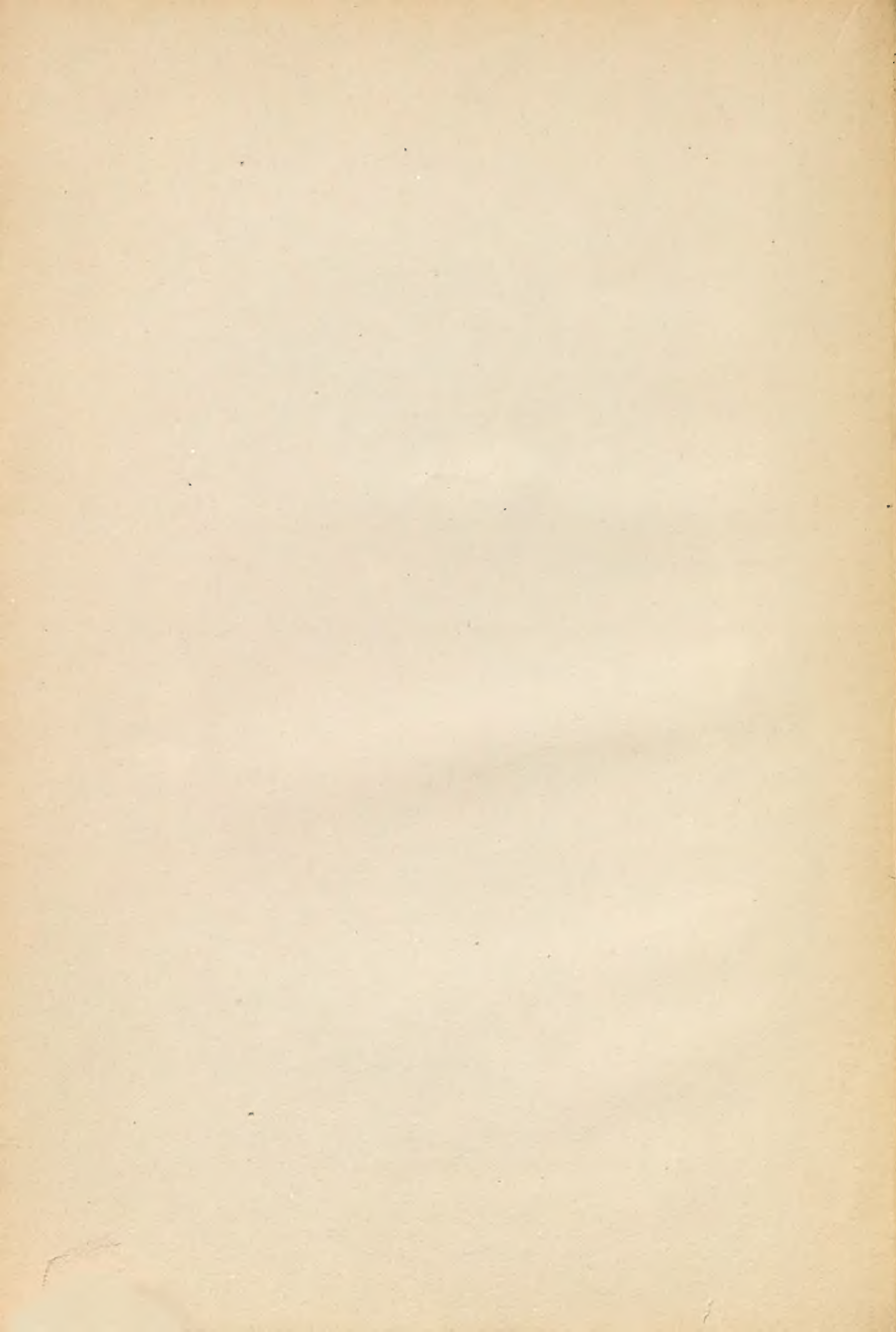
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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

THE writings of few Englishmen have received higher praise and sharper criticism than have those of Thomas Babington Macaulay. A man of profound learning and strongly defined ideas of men and affairs, he treated of times and topics that have been a fruitful source of partisan wrath; and, when research and logic seemed to lead to condemnation, his sentence fell with all the crushing weight of a style at once trenchant and lucid. Time and its revolutions of events and ideas, national resentments, and political necessities have united to bring into public prominence many champions of those whom Macaulay condemned, and it is little to be wondered at that such champions should be found eager to assail the pen that writ their clients down for hatred and contempt. Macaulay has been accused of all manner of prejudice as an historian and a biographer. Even that style which gave his blows so much of their weight and sting has been decried as artificial; all the forces of literary aberrations and affectations have been mustered into the service against him, and, in order that his opponents might have some name about which to rally, the harsh and crabbed Carlyle has been put forward as a model whose disciples must of necessity condemn the grace and fluency of the man upon whose reputation the vials of partisan wrath were to be emptied.

So the battle has been waged with a bitterness seldom shown over the works of dead rivals; but so long as perspicuity, force, and beauty — the perfect selection of words and the measured proportion of sentences and ideas — are held to be fair ground of author's praise, so long Macaulay must stand in the forefront. If these be marks of artificiality, then we must admit, perforce, that artificiality possesses points which merit being well inquired into by those who would excel with the pen.

As for the strength of the case made out against Macaulay's justice and reliability, controversy would fall within the scope of a discussion of his history or his essays, rather than within that of this introduction. I cannot, however, refrain from commenting that a much more bitter partisanship than his seems to characterize the writings of his detractors, and that I know of very few instances where his facts and judgments have suffered by comparison with the revisions suggested or demanded.

To briefly summarize his life, Thomas Babington Macaulay, the son of Zachary Macaulay, West India merchant and philanthropist, was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25th, 1800. After a childhood, the remarkable precocity of which leads wonder almost to the point of incredulity, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818, and, in 1819, won the Chancellor's medal by his poem entitled "Pompeii." Another medal and a scholarship were conferred soon after, and, in 1822, the degree of B.A. Later he received a fellowship, and, in 1825, the degree of M.A. Meanwhile his pen had been busy with essays and poems contributed to many periodicals. At the age of

twenty-five the essay on "Milton" shows him in the full maturity of his marvellous power. Called to the bar in 1826, but never undertaking its practice, he soon plunged into the vortex of politics. Entering Parliament in 1830, he went to India in 1834, as member of the Supreme Council, where he prepared his famous Indian Penal Code. In 1838 he returned home and in 1839 resumed his seat in Parliament, becoming war secretary in 1840. In 1846 he became paymaster-general, but in 1847 his advocacy of the Maynooth Grant lost him his seat. Five years later the same constituency (Edinburgh) elected him unsolicited. Meanwhile he had been employed upon his history, a work continued almost to the time of his death, which occurred in London, December 28th, 1859. Many honors were conferred upon him during his life by English and foreign universities, academies, and potentates, and, in the year 1857, he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. He never married.

Macaulay was at all times a consistent whig in politics. Outside of his untiring and many-sided activity, his chivalrous support of the weak and the oppressed is perhaps the most marked as well as the most honorable feature of his career. His first speech in Parliament was in support of the bill to repeal the civil disabilities of the Jews; his Indian Penal Code was characterized by a humanity toward the native population quite new to the policy of the conquerors of India; while his advocacy of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill and of government support for the Roman Catholic college at Maynooth brought him the only great rebuff ever received during his career, the defeat in the

Edinburgh election, which called forth his noble "Lines Written on the Night of the 30th of July, 1847." It would be well for those who fail in the seeking for political preferment, could more of them receive their failure in such a cause and in such a spirit. Americans should never forget Macaulay's deep appreciation of Washington, voiced in the closing words of his Essay on John Hampden, which read: "It was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention to which history furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone."

Turning to the literary Macaulay, we find first of all a versatility that few writers have equalled. Primarily, perhaps, he is known best as a historian and an essayist. Once he wrote a fragment of a novel, once a fragment of a play, thrown off as if to see what he might accomplish in these lines were his time not absorbed in weightier labors; while through all, was continued the work of the orator, the legislator, the administrator of his country's government. It is with none of these, however, but with Macaulay as a poet that we have now to deal, limiting our study of him, even in this line, to that series of poems which has acquired the greatest popularity: "The Lays of Ancient Rome," published in 1842.

It is a fashion among certain would-be consistent critics to decry the author of "The Lays" as being a mere versifier, a writer of clever jingle. For the men who would limit poetry within these or those narrow lines, the theorists who start

with a theory and a woe-betide-the-facts-that-stand-against-it attitude, I have nothing to say. They are the little men in literature: critics — and that is all. "Poetry" is, I conceive, a word much too broad to be limitable by any principle of thought or method of treatment. It speaks first to the heart, and it speaks in that vague but forceful tongue that only the heart can fully comprehend. The mind may study its language, but after all, the mind is a foreigner, and to such the tongue of Poetry is strange and complex and arbitrary. Only he whose heart is great enough to feel its messages may presume to receive them, and that with reverence and all humility. It is the literary Frankensteins, laboring over the product of their self-conceit and their affectations, who produce an anatomical poetry almost comparable to the monster that sprang from study devoid of soul.

Happy is he whose heart responds to the grand swing of Milton, the soulful melody of Keats, the deep insight of Shakespeare, and whose spirit yet tells him that poets as well are they who have struck the lyre to lighter measure, the singers of petty things and quaint conceits, the race of the trouveres, whose ballads of stirring deeds, set to lilting measures, ring through the centuries from the days when all Provence hung upon the judgments of her courts of love, to when Scott and Macaulay laid a like tribute at the feet of like exploits.

Unlike, however, other makers of ballad poetry, Macaulay alone has endeavored to sing the songs of times and of a nation long passed away, and to sing them in the simulated voices of singers whose bones are dust, and

whose names and works are buried under the mountain of two thousand years. For such a task there must be added to the heart and art of the poet, the learning of the student of antiquity. To construct is one thing, to reconstruct with never a model is another and far harder undertaking, but it is probable that no man ever lived who could so well bring to the work the varied qualities which it required.

Macaulay was by very nature a poet of the ballad school. His was the heart to thrill at the story of great deeds, and his the speech to clothe them in raiment worthy of their glory. It is all there: spirit, fire, the rapid swing of the narrative that carries you along upon its tide until you seem of a verity borne away upon the torrent of the charge, until your ears ring with the notes of the trumpet, the shouts and groans, the terrible clash of arms. No one with the least poetic feeling can read "Horatius" and "The Battle of Lake Regillus" without knowing all this. The images, the sentiments, never seem to stay for a moment the onrush of the battle. Is not this more than art? Is it not the true resonance of a mind to which art is nature? Thus only does talent stand aside, and genius spring, like Pallas, full-armed from the head of Zeus.

In all these poems there is hardly what might be called a digression, and perhaps the most notable instances—Horatius' comment upon the perfect death, and the supposed author's lament for the good old times—seem so suited to the places they fill that they come to us quite naturally, even while we press on with "sword lifted up to slay." In "Virginus" the story is less martial, and in

"The Prophecy of Capys" there is little narrative of any kind, but the swing is the same in both, and the perfect fitness and, at the same time, subordination of the ornament to the matter are marvelously preserved.

The other qualification which Macaulay brought to his task, one which this particular task needed in the highest degree, was a general and special erudition such as the world has seldom seen:—a mind that had delved deeply in the literature of all peoples and times, and a memory that never let go a thought or fact once grasped. Choosing to speak in the characters of ancient poets, as he tells in his preface, he of all writers was best able to become their very avatars. A sound judgment, however, held him from striving for too much. What research could hope to revive the outward form of a minstrelsy every line of which is lost? and even if we could assume that Macaulay's acute classical instinct might have led him, unguided, to the truth in this respect, surely the song would not have told us of to-day what in spirit it now tells. Under the form and in the measure of modern minstrelsy, the thought, the feeling of the ancient minstrel is brought closer and more powerfully to our minds, together with all those subtle qualities that we describe by the term "local color."

Realizing then, that the form of the verse was but as a means to an end, Macaulay chose a medium that would best interpret its message to his audience. Therefore the lays are not couched in any attempted simulation of the rough blank verse of a time as crude as it was poetic, any more than they are written in the language spoken upon the Palatine or among the Alban Hills. Music, a comparatively

new art, has brought rhyme and lighter measure as aids to feeling and comprehension, and this he utilized to the full. In form, as in language, the lays are in the best English; in mind and soul and spirit they are early Roman: a marvel of revived antiquity.

In the notes to the poems, I have endeavored to cover every point needed for a full-comprehension of allusions to a time and place and civilization so foreign to our own; and, that the spirit in which the author approached his task might be fully understood, I have retained his own preface and his several introductions to the poems.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THAT what is called the history of the Kings and early Consuls of Rome is to a great extent fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that, more than three hundred and sixty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after this destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of the Augustan age did not possess those materials, without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. Those writers own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles that were never fought, and Consuls that were never inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in these chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will perhaps be inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions of Rome,

the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion. As he draws nearer and nearer to the confines of authentic history, he will become less and less hard of belief. He will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth. But he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character, more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creations of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live.

The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines; the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sybylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clœlia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend

about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

In the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination, these stories retain much of their genuine character. Nor could even the tasteless Dionysius distort and mutilate them into mere prose. The poetry shines, in spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dulness of the Universal History, and gives a charm to the most meagre abridgments of Goldsmith.

Even in the age of Plutarch there were discerning men who rejected the popular account of the foundation of Rome, because that account appeared to them to have the air, not of a history, but of a romance or a drama. Plutarch, who was displeased at their incredulity, had nothing better to say in reply to their arguments than that chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art.* But though the existence of a

* *Ὑποπτον μὲν ἐνίοις ἐστὶ τὸ δραματικὸν καὶ πλασματικὸν· οὐ δεῖ δὲ ἀπιστεῖν, τὴν τύχην ὀρῶντας, οἷων ποιημάτων δημιουργὸς ἐστὶ.* — *Plut. Rom. viii.* This remarkable passage has been more grossly misinterpreted than any other in the Greek language, where the sense was so obvious. The Latin version of Crusenius, the French version of Amyot, the old English version by several hands, and the later English version by Langhorne, are all equally destitute of every trace of the meaning of the original. None of the translators saw even that *ποίημα* is a poem. They all render it an event.

poetical element in the early history of the Great City was detected so many years ago, the first critic who distinctly saw from what source that poetical element had been derived was James Perizonius, one of the most acute and learned antiquaries of the seventeenth century. His theory, which, in his own days, attracted little or no notice, was revived in the present generation by Niebuhr, a man who would have been the first writer of his time, if his talent for communicating truths had borne any proportion to his talent for investigating them. That theory has been adopted by several eminent scholars of our own country, particularly by the Bishop of St. David's, by Professor Malden, and by the lamented Arnold. It appears to be now generally received by men conversant with classical antiquity; and indeed it rests on such strong proofs, both internal and external, that it will not be easily subverted. A popular exposition of this theory, and of the evidence by which it is supported, may not be without interest even for readers who are unacquainted with the ancient languages.

The Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the Second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. The Latin metres, heroic, elegiac, lyric, and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the masterpieces of Sophocles and

Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations from Demophilus, Menander, and Apollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves as patterns the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished, which had, indeed, almost wholly perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading and writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilised nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilised, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will always be highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were

the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianus Marcellinus that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in the verses of Bards. During many ages and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both the Teutonic and the Celtic race. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud. The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may still be gleaned some relics of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit. We learn from Herrera that, when a Peruvian Inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses, which all the people learned by heart, and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kurroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of Northern Persia. Captain Beechey heard the bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Kamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing-men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Mussulman tyrant of Foota Torra. This spe-

cies of poetry attained a high degree of excellence among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of excellence among the English and the Lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human compositions, by transcendent sublimity and beauty.

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so is it also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances: manners change: great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy colouring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. There is indeed little doubt that oblivion covers many English

songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered copy of *Childe Waters* and *Sir Cauline*, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the *Cid*. The snuff of a candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world for ever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious relics of the *Minstrelsy of the Border*. In Germany, the lay of the *Nibelungs* had been long utterly forgotten, when, in the eighteenth century, it was, for the first time, printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilisation, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks.

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that this poetry should have perished, is therefore not strange. It would, on the contrary, have been strange if these things had not come to pass; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject. But we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

Ennius, who flourished in the time of the Second Punic War, was regarded in the Augustan age as the father of Latin poetry. He was, in truth, the father of the second school of Latin poetry, the only school of which the works have descended to us. But from Ennius himself we learn

that there were poets who stood to him in the same relation in which the author of the romance of Count Alarcos stood to Garcilaso, or the author of the 'Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode' to Lord Surrey. Ennius speaks of verses which the Fauns and the bards were wont to chant in the old time, when none had yet studied the graces of speech, when none had yet climbed the peaks sacred to the Goddesses of Grecian song. 'Where,' Cicero mournfully asks, 'are those old verses now?'

Contemporary with Ennius was Quintus Fabius Pictor, the earliest of the Roman annalists. His account of the infancy and youth of Romulus and Remus has been preserved by Dionysius, and contains a very remarkable reference to the ancient Latin poetry. Fabius says that, in his time, his countrymen were still in the habit of singing ballads about the Twins. 'Even in the hut of Faustulus,'—so these old lays appear to have run,—'the

* " Quid ? Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt ?

. ' Quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant

Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superârat,

Nec dicti studiosus erat.' "

Brutus, xviii.

The Muses, it should be observed, are Greek divinities. The Italian Goddesses of verse were the Camœnæ. At a later period, the appellations were used indiscriminately ; but in the age of Ennius there was probably a distinction. In the epitaph of Nævius, who was the representative of the old Italian school of poetry, the Camœnæ, not the Muses, are represented as grieving for the loss of their votary. The "Musarum scopuli" are evidently the peaks of Parnassus.

Scaliger, in a note on Varro (*De Lingua Latina*, lib. vi.), suggests, with great ingenuity, that the Fauns, who were represented by the superstition of later ages as a race of monsters, half gods and half brutes, may really have been a class of men who exercised in Latium, at a very remote period, the same functions which belonged to the Magians in Persia and to the bards in Gaul.

children of Rhea and Mars were, in port and in spirit, not like unto swineherds, or cowherds, but such that men might well guess them to be of the blood of kings and Gods.*

* Οἱ δὲ ἀνδρωθέντες γίνονται, κατὰ τε ἀξίωσιν μορφῆς καὶ φρονήματος ὄγκον, οὐ συνοφορβοῖς καὶ βουκόλοις ἐοικότες, ἀλλ' ὅλους ἂν τις ἀξιώσειε τοὺς ἐκ βασιλείου τε φύντας γένους, καὶ ἀπὸ δαιμόνων σπορᾶς γενέσθαι νομιζόμενους, ὥς ἐν τοῖς πατρίοις ὕμνοις ὑπὸ Ῥωμαίων ἔτι καὶ νῦν ᾄδεται. — *Dion. Hal.* i. 79. This passage has sometimes been cited as if Dionysius had been speaking in his own person, and had, Greek as he was, been so industrious or so fortunate as to discover some valuable remains of that early Latin poetry which the greatest Latin writers of his age regretted as hopelessly lost. Such a supposition is highly improbable; and indeed it seems clear from the context that Dionysius, as Reiske and other editors evidently thought, was merely quoting from Fabius Pictor. The whole passage has the air of an extract from an ancient chronicle, and is introduced by the words, Κόιντος μὲν Φάβιος, ὁ Πίκτηρ λεγόμενος, τῇδε γράφει.

Another argument may be urged which seems to deserve consideration. The author of the passage in question mentions a thatched hut which, in his time, stood between the summit of Mount Palatine and the Circus. This hut, he says, was built by Romulus, and was constantly kept in repair at the public charge, but never in any respect embellished. Now, in the age of Dionysius there certainly was at Rome a thatched hut, said to have been that of Romulus. But this hut, as we learn from Vitruvius, stood, not near the Circus, but in the Capitol. (*Vit.* ii. 1.) If, therefore, we understand Dionysius to speak in his own person, we can reconcile his statement with that of Vitruvius only by supposing that there were at Rome, in the Augustan age, two thatched huts, both believed to have been built by Romulus, and both carefully repaired and held in high honour. The objections to such a supposition seem to be strong. Neither Dionysius nor Vitruvius speaks of more than one such hut. Dio Cassius informs us that twice, during the long administration of Augustus, the hut of Romulus caught fire (*xlvi.* 43, *liv.* 29). Had there been two such huts, would he not have told us of which he spoke? An English historian would hardly give an account of a fire at Queen's College without saying whether it was at Queen's College, Oxford, or at Queen's College, Cambridge. Marcus Seneca, Macrobius, and Conon, a Greek writer from whom Photius has made large extracts, mention

Cato the Censor, who also lived in the days of the Second Punic War, mentioned this lost literature in his lost work on the antiquities of his country. Many ages, he said, before his time, there were ballads in praise of illustrious men; and these ballads it was the fashion for the guests at banquets to sing in turn while the piper played. 'Would,' exclaims Cicero, 'that we still had the old ballads of which Cato speaks!'^{*}

Valerius Maximus gives us exactly similar information, only one hut of Romulus, that in the Capitol. (*M. Seneca, Contr.* i. 6; *Macrobius, Sat.* i. 15; *Photius, Bibl.* 186.) Ovid, Livy, Petronius, Valerius Maximus, Lucius Seneca, and St. Jerome mention only one hut of Romulus, without specifying the site. (*Oril, Fasti*, iii. 183; *Liv.* v. 53; *Petronius, Fragm.*; *Val. Maz.* iv. 4; *L. Seneca, Consolatio ad Helviam*; *D. Hieron. ad Paulinianum de Didymo*.)

The whole difficulty is removed if we suppose that Dionysius was merely quoting Fabius Pictor. Nothing is more probable than that the cabin, which in the time of Fabius stood near the Circus, might, long before the age of Augustus, have been transported to the Capitol, as the place fittest, by reason both of its safety and of its sanctity, to contain so precious a relic.

The language of Plutarch confirms this hypothesis. He describes, with great precision, the spot where Romulus dwelt, on the slope of Mount Palatine leading to the Circus; but he says not a word implying that the dwelling was still to be seen there. Indeed, his expressions imply that it was no longer there. The evidence of Solinus is still more to the point. He, like Plutarch, describes the spot where Romulus had resided, and says expressly that the hut had been there, but that in his time it was there no longer. The site, it is certain, was well remembered; and probably retained its old name, as Charing Cross and the Haymarket have done. This is probably the explanation of the words, 'casa Romuli,' in Victor's description of the Tenth Region of Rome, under Valentinian.

^{*} Cicero refers twice to this important passage in Cato's Antiquities:—"Gravissimus auctor in Originibus dixit Cato, morum apud majores hunc epularum fuisse, ut deinceps, qui accubarent, canerent ad tibiam clarorum virorum laudes atque virtutes. Ex quo perspicuum est, et

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without mentioning his authority, and observes that the ancient Roman ballads were probably of more benefit to the young than all the lectures of the Athenian schools, and that to the influence of the national poetry were to be ascribed the virtues of such men as Camillus and Fabricius.*

Varro, whose authority on all questions connected with the antiquities of his country is entitled to the greatest respect, tells us that at banquets it was once the fashion for boys to sing, sometimes with and sometimes without instrumental music, ancient ballads in praise of men of former times. These young performers, he observes, were of unblemished character, a circumstance which he probably mentioned because, among the Greeks, and indeed in his time among the Romans also, the morals of singing-boys were in no high repute.†

The testimony of Horace, though given incidentally, confirms the statements of Cato, Valerius Maximus, and Varro. The poet predicts that, under the peaceful administration of Augustus, the Romans will, over their full goblets, sing to the pipe, after the fashion of their fathers,

cantus tum fuisse rescriptos vocum sonis, et carmina." — *Tusc. Quæst.* iv. 2. Again: "*Utinam exstarent illa carmina, quæ, multus sæculis ante suam ætatem, in epulis esse cantitata a singulis convivis de clarorum virorum laudibus, in Originibus scriptum reliquit Cato.*" — *Brutus*, xix.

* "*Majores natu in conviviis ad tibias egregia superiorum opera carmine comprehensa pangebant, quo ad ea imitanda juventutem alacriorem redderent. . . . Quas Athenas, quam scholam, quæ alienigena studia huic domesticæ disciplinæ prætulerim? Inde oriebantur Camilli, Scipiones, Fabricii, Marcelli, Fabii.*" — *Val. Max.* ii. 1.

† "*In conviviis pueri modesti ut cantarent carmina antiqua, in quibus laudes erant majorum, et assa voce, et cum tibicine.*" — Nonius, *Assa voce pro sola*.

the deeds of brave captains, and the ancient legends touching the origin of the city.*

The proposition, then, that Rome had ballad poetry is not merely in itself highly probable, but is fully proved by direct evidence of the greatest weight.

This proposition being established, it becomes easy to understand why the early history of the city is unlike almost everything else in Latin literature, native where almost everything else is borrowed, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. We can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the magnificent, pathetic, and truly national legends, which present so striking a contrast to all that surrounds them, are broken and defaced fragments of that early poetry which, even in the age of Cato the Censor, had become antiquated, and of which Tully had never heard a line.

That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. It is probable that, at an earlier period, Homer and Herodotus furnished some hints to the Latin minstrels:† but it was not till after the war with Pyrrhus that the poetry of

* “Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris,
Inter jocos munera Liberi,
Cum prole matronisque nostris,
Rite Deos prius apprecati,
Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque, et Anchisen, et almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.”

— *Carm.* iv. 15.

† See the Preface to the Lay of the Battle of Regillus.

Rome began to put off its old Ausonian character. The transformation was soon consummated. The conquered, says Horace, led captive the conquerors. It was precisely at the time at which the Roman people rose to unrivalled political ascendancy that they stooped to pass under the intellectual yoke. It was precisely at the time at which the sceptre departed from Greece that the empire of her language and of her arts became universal and despotic. The revolution indeed was not effected without a struggle. Nævius seems to have been the last of the ancient line of poets. Ennius was the founder of a new dynasty. Nævius celebrated the First Punic War in Saturnian verse, the old national verse of Italy.* Ennius sang the Second Punic

* Cicero speaks highly in more than one place of this poem of Nævius : Ennius sneered at it, and stole from it.

As to the Saturnian measure, see Hermann's *Elementa Doctrinæ Metricæ*, iii. 9.

The Saturnian line, according to the grammarians, consisted of two parts. The first was a catalectic dimeter iambic ; the second was composed of three trochees. But the licence taken by the early Latin poets seems to have been almost boundless. The most perfect Saturnian line which has been preserved was the work, not of a professional artist, but of an amateur :

“Dabunt malum Metelli Nævio poetæ.”

There has been much difference of opinion among learned men respecting the history of this measure. That it is the same with a Greek measure used by Archilochus is indisputable. (*Bentley, Phalaris*, xi.) But in spite of the authority of Terentianus Maurus, and of the still higher authority of Bentley, we may venture to doubt whether the coincidence was not fortuitous. We constantly find the same rude and simple numbers in different countries, under circumstances which make it impossible to suspect that there has been imitation on either side. Bishop Heber heard the children of a village in Bengal singing “Radha, Radha,” to the tune of “My boy Billy.” Neither the Castilian nor the German minstrels of the middle ages owed anything to Paros or to ancient Rome. Yet both

War in numbers borrowed from the Iliad. The elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the early Roman diction and versification,

the poem of the Cid and the poem of the Nibelungs contain many Saturnian verses ; as —

“ Estas nuevas á mio Cid eran venidas.”

“ Á mi lo dicens ; á ti dan las orejades.”

“ Man möhte michel wunder von Sifride sagen.”

“ Wa ich den Künic vinde daz sol man mir sagen.”

Indeed there cannot be a more perfect Saturnian line than one which is sung in every English nursery —

“ The queen was in her parlour eating bread and honey ; ”

yet the author of this line, we may be assured, borrowed nothing from either Nævius or Archilochus.

On the other hand, it is by no means improbable that, two or three hundred years before the time of Ennius, some Latin minstrel may have visited Sybaris or Crotona, may have heard some verses of Archilochus sung, may have been pleased with the metre, and may have introduced it at Rome. Thus much is certain, that the Saturnian measure, if not a native of Italy, was at least so early and so completely naturalised there that its foreign origin was forgotten.

Bentley says indeed that the Saturnian measure was first brought from Greece into Italy by Nævius. But this is merely *obiter dictum*, to use a phrase common in our courts of law, and would not have been deliberately maintained by that incomparable critic, whose memory is held in reverence by all lovers of learning. The arguments which might be brought against Bentley's assertion — for it is mere assertion, supported by no evidence — are innumerable. A few will suffice.

(1) Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Ennius. Ennius sneered at Nævius for writing on the First Punic War in verses such as the old Italian bards used before Greek literature had been studied. Now the poem of Nævius was in Saturnian verse. Is it possible that Ennius could have used such expressions if the Saturnian verse had been just imported from Greece for the first time?

(2) Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Horace. “ When Greece,” says Horace, “ introduced her arts into our uncivilised country, those rugged Saturnian numbers passed away.” Would Horace have said

plaintively boasted that the Latin language had died with him.* Thus what to Horace appeared to be the first faint dawn of Roman literature, appeared to Nævius to be its hopeless setting. In truth, one literature was setting, and another dawning.

The victory of the foreign taste was decisive: and indeed we can hardly blame the Romans for turning away with contempt from the rude lays which had delighted their fathers, and giving their whole admiration to the immortal productions of Greece. The national romances, neglected by the great and the refined whose education had been finished at Rhodes or Athens, continued, it may be supposed, during some generations, to delight the vulgar. While Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, described the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild

this if the Saturnian numbers had been imported from Greece just before the hexameter?

(3) Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Festus and of Aurelius Victor, both of whom positively say that the most ancient prophecies attributed to the Fauns were in Saturnian verse.

(4) Bentley's assertion is opposed to the testimony of Terentianus Maurus, to whom he has himself appealed. Terentianus Maurus does indeed say that the Saturnian measure, though believed by the Romans from a very early period ("credidit vetustas") to be of Italian invention, was really borrowed from the Greeks. But Terentianus Maurus does not say that it was first borrowed by Nævius. Nay, the expressions used by Terentianus Maurus clearly imply the contrary: for how could the Romans have believed, from a very early period, that this measure was the indigenous production of Latium, if it was really brought over from Greece in an age of intelligence and liberal curiosity, in the age which gave birth to Ennius, Plautus, Cato the Censor, and other distinguished writers? If Bentley's assertion were correct, there could have been no more doubt at Rome about the Greek origin of the Saturnian measure than about the Greek origin of hexameters or Sapphics.

* Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, i. 24.

Saturnian ballads.* It is not improbable that, at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems mentioned by Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the mosstroopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made. The Latin ballads perished forever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the ancient Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected, on such an occasion, to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt

* See Servius, in *Georg.* ii. 385.

that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshalling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the same proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces and to command the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompanies the adventurers through the streets; but the voice of lamentation is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayers and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving high deeds of valour against overwhelming numbers, all perish save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so full of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came

originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place.

The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and the most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle, as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet from the dull and feeble narrative by which they were surrounded, would retouch them with a delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal.

That this might happen at Rome can scarcely be doubted; for something very like this has happened in

several countries, and, among others, in our own. Perhaps the theory of Perizonius cannot be better illustrated than by showing that what he supposes to have taken place in ancient times has, beyond all doubt, taken place in modern times.

"History," says Hume with the utmost gravity, "has preserved some instances of Edgar's amours, from which, as from a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest." He then tells very agreeably the stories of Elfreda and Elfrida, two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble in their general character some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for these two tales, the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfrida was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwold obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengeance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execution of Anne Boleyn or the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose. But when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these pleasant fables, has overlooked one very important circumstance. William does indeed tell both the stories; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.*

* "*Infamias quas post dicam magis resperserunt cantilenæ.*" Edgar appears to have been most mercilessly treated in the Anglo-Saxon ballads.

Such is the way in which those two well-known tales have been handed down. They originally appeared in a poetical form. They found their way from ballads into an old chronicle. The ballads perished; the chronicle remained. A great historian, some centuries after the ballads had been altogether forgotten, consulted the chronicle. He was struck by the lively colouring of these ancient fictions; he transferred them to his pages; and thus we find inserted, as unquestionable facts, in a narrative which is likely to last as long as the English tongue, the inventions of some minstrel whose works were probably never committed to writing, whose name is buried in oblivion, and whose dialect has become obsolete. It must, then, be admitted to be possible, or rather highly probable, that the stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin.

Castilian literature will furnish us with another parallel case. Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King Don Alonso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger and found wanting. They fled before the Moors, and once, when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding-place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their

He was the favourite of the monks; and the monks and the minstrels were at deadly feud.

father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed the travellers in disguise. The ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion together with one of their kindred should do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and for ever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes.*

Some Spanish writers have laboured to show, by an examination of dates and circumstances, that this story is untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed; for the narrative is on the face of it a romance. How it found its way into Mariana's history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the ancient chronicles; and had doubtless before him the "*Cronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador*," which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the Iliad. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death

* Mariana, lib. x. cap. 4.

of Mariana, this venerable ballad, of which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.*

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.

In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own person, but in the persons of ancient minstrels who know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four hundred years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in nowise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party-spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the van-

* See the account which Sanchez gives of the Bivar manuscript in the first volume of the *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV*. Part of the story of the lords of Carrion, in the poem of the Cid, has been translated by Mr. Frere in a manner above all praise.

quished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empire and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues, fortitude, temperance, veracity, spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism ; but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the *Iliad* still greater obligations are due ; and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

It would have been easy to swell this little volume to a very considerable bulk, by appending notes filled with quotations ; but to a learned reader such notes are not necessary ; for an unlearned reader they would have little interest ; and the judgment passed both by the learned and by the unlearned on a work of the imagination will always depend much more on the general character and spirit of such a work than on minute details.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.



HORATIUS.

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe ashore, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy

slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter he is taken and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says:

“Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe
Call it the battell of Otterburn :
At Otterburn began this spurne
Upon a monnyn day.
Ther was the dougghte Doglas slean :
The Perse never went away.”

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines :

“Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day :
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede away.”

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defence of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favourite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were

allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been shortened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr, who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion that Martial was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

“Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.”

It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments may be,—and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense,—can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school. Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

“Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus.”

Silius Italicus has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

“Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram :”

and again,

Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magne, jubebas.”

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.¹



I.

LARS PORSENA² of Clusium³

By the Nine Gods⁴ he swore
That the great house of Tarquin⁵
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it, 5
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north 10
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home, 15
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place; 20
From many a fruitful plain;

From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine ; 25

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,⁶
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old ;
 From seagirt Populonia,⁷ 30
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky ;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,⁸
 Queen of the western waves, 35
 Where ride Massilia's⁹ triremes
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
 From where sweet Clanis¹⁰ wanders
 Through corn and vines and flowers ;
 From where Cortona¹¹ lifts to heaven 40
 Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's¹² rill ;
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
 Of the Ciminian hill¹³ ; 45
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus¹⁴
 Is to the herdsman dear ;
 Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.¹⁵

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman	50
Is heard by Auser's rill ;	
No hunter tracks the stag's green path	
Up the Ciminian hill ;	
Unwatched along Clitumnus	
Grazes the milk-white steer ;	55
Unharm'd the water fowl may dip	
In the Volsinian mere.	

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium, ¹⁶	.
This year, old men shall reap,	
This year, young boys in Umbro ¹⁷	60
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;	
And in the vats of Luna, ¹⁸	
This year, the must shall foam	
Round the white feet of laughing girls	
Whose sires have marched to Rome.	65

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,	
The wisest of the land,	
Who always by Lars Porsena	
Both morn and evening stand :	
Evening and morn the Thirty	70
Have turned the verses o'er,	
Traced from the right on linen white ¹⁹	
By mighty seers of yore.	

X.

And with one voice the Thirty	
Have their glad answer given :	75
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;	
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;	

Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome ;
 And hang round Nurscia's ²⁰ altars 80
 The golden shields ²¹ of Rome."

XI.

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men ;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten : 85
 Before the gates of Sutrium ²²
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies 90
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally ;
 And with a mighty following
 To join the muster came 95
 The Tusculan Mamilius, ²³
 Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber ²⁴
 Was tumult and affright :
 From all the spacious champaign ²⁵ 100
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city,
 The throng stopped up the ways ;
 A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days. 105

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled.
And sick men borne in litters 110
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins ²⁶ of wine, 115
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods, 120
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,²⁷
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky. 125
The Fathers of the City,²⁸
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward 130
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium ²⁹ stands.

Verbenna down to Ostia ³⁰
 Hath wasted all the plain ; 135
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum, ³¹
 And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached and fast it beat, 140
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul, ³²
 Up rose the Fathers all ;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall. 145

XIX.

They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate ³³ ;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly : 150
 " The bridge ³⁴ must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear ; 155
 " To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul :
 Lars Porsena is here."
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust 160
 Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud, 165
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right, 170
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line, 175
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine³⁵;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian, 180
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.³⁶ 185
There Cilnius³⁷ of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen ;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,³⁸
Girt with the brand none else may wield,

Tolumnius with the belt of gold, 190
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymene.³⁹

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium 195
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name;
 And by the left false Sextus,⁴⁰
 That wrought the deed of shame. 200

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the house-tops was no woman 205
 But spat towards him and hissed,
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low, 210
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge, 215
 What hope to save the town?"

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the Gate ⁴¹ :
 " To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late. 220
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

" And for the tender mother 225
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens ⁴²
 Who feed the eternal flame, 230
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

XXIX.

" Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me, 235
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path ⁴³ a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ? " 240

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian ⁴⁴ proud was he :
 " Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,

And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius; 245
 Of Titian⁴⁵ blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be." 250
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, 255
 In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the state;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great: 260
 Then lands were fairly portioned⁴⁶;
 Then spoils were fairly sold:
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman 265
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold: 270
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man 275
To take in hand an axe :
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below. 280

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright |
Of a broad sea of gold. 285
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, 290
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose : 295
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way ; 300

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,⁴⁷
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's⁴⁸ mines;
 And Picus, long to Clusium 305
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum⁴⁹ lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar. 310

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath :
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth :
 At Picus brave Horatius 315
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii⁵⁰
 Rushed on the Roman Three; 320
 And Lausulus of Urgo,⁵¹
 The rover of the sea;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,⁵²
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den 325
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's⁵³ fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's⁵⁴ shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns :
 Lartius laid Ocnus low : 330
Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
“ Lie there,” he cried, “ fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia’s walls the crowd shall mark 335
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania’s hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail.”

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter 340
 Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears’ lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array, 345
But for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna 350
 Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield. 355

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter ⁵⁵ ✓ 360
Stand savagely at bay :
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way ? "

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height, 365
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ; 370
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ; 375
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face ;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out 380
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus⁵⁶
 A thunder-smitten oak. 385
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.⁵⁷

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius 390
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here! 395
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread, 400
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place. 405

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see

On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three :
 And, from the ghastly entrance 410
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear 415
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack :
 But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!" 420
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal 425
 Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
 Stood out before the crowd;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud, 430
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
 Now welcome to thy home!
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city; 435
 Thrice looked he at the dead;

And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread :
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way 440
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering 445
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius !”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !” 450

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces, 455
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam, 460
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream :
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops 465
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane, 470
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea. 475

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus, 480
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see; 485
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus⁵⁸
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river 490
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

“Oh, Tiber! father Tiber⁵⁹!
To whom the Romans pray,

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day !” 495
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow 500
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges 505
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current, 510
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows : 515
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood 520
Safe to the landing place :

But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin. 525

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, 530
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands; 535
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,⁶⁰ 540
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,⁶¹
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night⁶²; 545
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,⁶³ 550
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold, 555
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them 560
To charge the Volscian⁶⁴ home;
And wives still pray to Juno⁶⁵
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old. 565

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage 570
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus⁶⁶
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit; 575

When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets, 580
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom; 585
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.



THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

THE following poem is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the lay of Horatius make their appearance again, and some appellations and epithets used in the lay of Horatius have been purposely repeated: for, in an age of ballad poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things by every minstrel. Thus we find, both in the Homeric poems and in Hesiod, βιη Ἡρακλεΐη, περικλῦτος Ἀμφιγυῖς, διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης, ἐπτάπυλος Θήβη, Ἑλένης ἔνεκ' ἡϋκόμοιο. Thus, too, in our own national songs, Douglas is almost always the doughty Douglas: England is merry England: all the gold is red; and all the ladies are gay.

The principal distinction between the lay of Horatius and the lay of the Lake Regillus is that the former is meant to be purely Roman, while the latter, though national in its general spirit, has a slight tincture of Greek learning and of Greek superstition. The story of the Tarquins, as it has come down to us, appears to have been compiled from the works of several popular poets; and one, at least, of those poets appears to have visited the Greek colonies in Italy, if not Greece itself, and to have had some acquaintance with the works of Homer and Herodotus. Many of the most striking adventures of the house of Tarquin, before Lucretia makes her appearance, have a Greek character. The Tarquins themselves are represented as Corinthian nobles of

the great house of the Bacchiadæ, driven from their country by the tyranny of that Cypselus, the tale of whose strange escape Herodotus has related with incomparable simplicity and liveliness.* Livy and Dionysius tell us that, when Tarquin the Proud was asked what was the best mode of governing a conquered city, he replied only by beating down with his staff all the tallest poppies in his garden.† This is exactly what Herodotus, in the passage to which reference has already been made, relates of the counsel given to Pericles, the son of Cypselus. The stratagem by which the town of Gabii is brought under the power of the Tarquins is, again, obviously copied from Herodotus.‡ The embassy of the young Tarquins to the oracle at Delphi is just such a story as would be told by a poet whose head was full of the Greek mythology; and the ambiguous answer returned by Apollo is in the exact style of the prophecies which, according to Herodotus, lured Cræsus to destruction. Then the character of the narrative changes. From the first mention of Lucretia to the retreat of Porsena nothing seems to be borrowed from foreign sources. The villany of Sextus, the suicide of his victim, the revolution, the death of the sons of Brutus, the defence of the bridge, Mucius burning his hand, Clælia swimming through Tiber, seem to be all strictly Roman. But when we have done with the Tuscan war, and enter upon the war with the Latines, we are again struck by the Greek air of the story. The Battle of the Lake Regillus is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants ride astride on their horses, instead of driving chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides is, as in the *Iliad*, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain;

* Herodotus, v. 92. Livy, i. 34. Dionysius, iii. 46.

† Livy, i. 54. Dionysius, iv. 56.

‡ Herodotus, iii. 154. Livy, i. 53.

and several circumstances are related which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes, who were therefore peculiarly bound not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the Iliad, that it is difficult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him :

Τρωσιν μὲν προμάχιζεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
 . . . Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους,
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊότητι.

Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner: "Ferocem juvenem Tarquinium, ostentantem se in prima exsulum acie." Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror-stricken :

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής
 ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ·
 ἄψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' Ἀλκείων.

"Tarquinius," says Livy, "retro in agmen suorum infenso cessit hosti." If this be a fortuitous coincidence, it is one of the most extraordinary in literature.

In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle-pieces of Homer.

The popular belief at Rome, from an early period, seems to have been that the event of the great day of Regillus was decided by supernatural agency. Castor and Pollux, it was said, had fought, armed and mounted, at the

head of the legions of the commonwealth, and had afterwards carried the news of the victory with incredible speed to the city. The well in the Forum at which they had alighted was pointed out. Near the well rose their ancient temple. A great festival was kept to their honour on the Ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle; and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. One spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers.

How the legend originated cannot now be ascertained: but we may easily imagine several ways in which it might have originated; nor is it at all necessary to suppose, with Julius Frontinus, that two young men were dressed up by the Dictator to personate the sons of Leda. It is probable that Livy is correct when he says that the Roman general, in the hour of peril, vowed a temple to Castor. If so, nothing could be more natural than that the multitude should ascribe the victory to the favour of the Twin Gods. When such was the prevailing sentiment, any man who chose to declare that, in the midst of the confusion and slaughter, he had seen two godlike forms on white horses scattering the Latines, would find ready credence. We know, indeed, that, in modern times, a very similar story actually found credence among a people much more civilised than the Romans of the fifth century before Christ. A chaplain of Cortes, writing about thirty years after the conquest of Mexico, in an age of printing presses, libraries, universities, scholars, logicians, jurists, and statesmen, had the face to assert that, in one engagement against the Indians, Saint James had appeared on a grey horse at the head of the Castilian adventurers. Many of those adventurers were living when this lie was printed. One of them,

honest Bernal Diaz, wrote an account of the expedition. He had the evidence of his own senses against the legend; but he seems to have distrusted even the evidence of his own senses. He says that he was in the battle, and that he saw a grey horse with a man on his back, but that the man was, to his thinking, Francesco de Morla, and not the ever-blessed apostle Saint James. "Nevertheless," Bernal adds, "it may be that the person on the grey horse was the glorious apostle Saint James, and that I, sinner that I am, was unworthy to see him." The Romans of the age of Cincinnatus were probably quite as credulous as the Spanish subjects of Charles the Fifth. It is therefore conceivable that the appearance of Castor and Pollux may have become an article of faith before the generation which had fought at Regillus had passed away. Nor could anything be more natural than that the poets of the next age should embellish this story, and make the celestial horsemen bear the tidings of victory to Rome.

Many years after the temple of the Twin Gods had been built in the Forum, an important addition was made to the ceremonial by which the state annually testified its gratitude for their protection. Quintus Fabius and Publius Decius were elected Censors at a momentous crisis. It had become absolutely necessary that the classification of the citizens should be revised. On that classification depended the distribution of political power. Party-spirit ran high; and the republic seemed to be in danger of falling under the dominion either of a narrow oligarchy or of an ignorant and headstrong rabble. Under such circumstances, the most illustrious patrician and the most illustrious plebeian of the age were intrusted with the office of arbitrating between the angry factions; and they performed their arduous task to the satisfaction of all honest and reasonable men.

One of their reforms was a remodelling of the equestrian

order; and, having effected this reform, they determined to give to their work a sanction derived from religion. In the chivalrous societies of modern times, societies which have much more than may at first sight appear in common with the equestrian order of Rome, it has been usual to invoke the special protection of some Saint, and to observe his day with peculiar solemnity. Thus the Companions of the Garter wear the image of Saint George depending from their collars, and meet, on great occasions, in Saint George's Chapel. Thus, when Lewis the Fourteenth instituted a new order of chivalry for the rewarding of military merit, he commended it to the favour of his own glorified ancestor and patron, and decreed that all the members of the fraternity should meet at the royal palace on the feast of Saint Lewis, should attend the king to chapel, should hear mass, and should subsequently hold their great annual assembly. There is a considerable resemblance between this rule of the order of Saint Lewis and the rule which Fabius and Decius made respecting the Roman knights. It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body should be part of the ceremonial performed, on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus, in honour of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian Gods. All the knights, clad in purple and crowned with olive, were to meet at a temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius the cavalcade sometimes consisted of five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.*

There can be no doubt that the Censors who instituted

*See Livy, ix. 46. Val. Max. ii. 2. Aurel. Vict. *De Viris Illustribus*, 32. Dionysius, vi. 13. Plin. *Hist. Nat.* xv. 5. See also the singularly ingenious chapter in Niebuhr's posthumous volume, *Die Censur des Q. Fabius und P. Decius*.

this august ceremony acted in concert with the Pontiffs to whom, by the constitution of Rome, the superintendence of the public worship belonged; and it is probable that those high religious functionaries were, as usual, fortunate enough to find in their books or traditions some warrant for the innovation.

The following poem is supposed to have been made for this great occasion. Songs, we know, were chanted at the religious festivals of Rome from an early period; indeed from so early a period, that some of the sacred verses were popularly ascribed to Numa, and were utterly unintelligible in the age of Augustus. In the Second Punic War a great feast was held in honour of Juno, and a song was sung in her praise. This song was extant when Livy wrote; and, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, seemed to him not wholly destitute of merit.* A song, as we learn from Horace,† was part of the established ritual at the great Secular Jubilee. It is therefore likely that the Censors and Pontiffs, when they had resolved to add a grand procession of knights to the other solemnities annually performed on the Ides of Quintilis, would call in the aid of a poet. Such a poet would naturally take for his subject the battle of Regillus, the appearance of the Twin Gods, and the institution of their festival. He would find abundant materials in the ballads of his predecessors; and he would make free use of the scanty stock of Greek learning which he had himself acquired. He would probably introduce some wise and holy Pontiff enjoining the magnificent ceremonial, which, after a long interval, had at length been adopted. If the poem succeeded, many persons would commit it to memory. Parts of it would be sung to the pipe at banquets. It would be peculiarly interesting to the great Posthumian House, which numbered among its many images that of the Dictator Aulus, the hero of Regillus. The orator

* Livy, xxvii. 37.

† Hor. *Carmen Seculare*.

who, in the following generation, pronounced the funeral panegyric over the remains of Lucius Posthumius Megellus, thrice Consul, would borrow largely from the lay; and thus some passages, much disfigured, would probably find their way into the chronicles which were afterwards in the hands of Dionysius and Livy.

Antiquaries differ widely as to the situation of the field of battle. The opinion of those who suppose that the armies met near Cornufelle, between Frascati and the Monte Porzio, is at least plausible, and has been followed in the poem.

As to the details of the battle, it has not been thought desirable to adhere minutely to the accounts which have come down to us. Those accounts, indeed, differ widely from each other, and, in all probability, differ as widely from the ancient poem from which they were originally derived.

It is unnecessary to point out the obvious imitations of the *Iliad*, which have been purposely introduced.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX, ON THE IDES
OF QUINTILIS, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLI.



I.

* Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note !
Ho, lictors,¹ clear the way !
The Knights² will ride, in all their pride,
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows 5
Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor³ in the Forum,
To Mars⁴ without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,⁵
With olive each is crowned ; 10
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,⁶
While stands the Sacred Hill,⁷
The proud Ides of Quintilis⁸ 15
Shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends⁹ :
December's Nones¹⁰ are gay :
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
Shall be Rome's whitest day : 20

II.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren¹¹
We keep this solemn feast.

Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
 Came spurring from the east.
 They came o'er wild Parthenius ¹² 25
 Tossing in waves of pine,
 O'er Cirrha's ¹³ dome, o'er Adria's foam,
 O'er purple Apennine,
 From where with flutes ¹⁴ and dances
 Their ancient mansion rings, 30
 In lordly Lacedæmon,
 The City of two kings, ¹⁵
 To where, by Lake Regillus, ¹⁶
 Under the Porcian height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum, ¹⁷ 35
 Was fought the glorious fight.

III.

Now on the place of slaughter
 Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
 And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
 And apple-orchards green; 40
 The swine crush the big acorns
 That fall from Corne's ¹⁸ oaks.
 Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
 The reaper's pottage smokes.
 The fisher baits his angle; 45
 The hunter twangs his bow;
 Little they think on those strong limbs
 That moulder deep below.
 Little they think how sternly
 That day the trumpets pealed; 50
 How in the slippery swamp of blood
 Warrior and war-horse reeled;
 How wolves came with fierce gallop,
 And crows on eager wings,

BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS. 75

To tear the flesh of captains, 55
And peck the eyes of kings ;
How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height ;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight ; 60
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities ¹⁹
Came forth to war with Rome.

IV.

But, Roman, when thou standest 65
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round,
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
Stamped deep into the flint : 70
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint:
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in fight, 75
Will keep thy head alway.

V.

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen. ²⁰ 80
That summer a Virginius
Was Consul first in place ²¹ ;
The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.

The Herald of the Latines	85
From Gabii ²² came in state :	
The Herald of the Latines	
Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate ²³ :	
The Herald of the Latines	
Did in our Forum stand ;	90
And there he did his office,	
A sceptre in his hand.	

VI.

"Hear, Senators and people	
Of the good town of Rome,	
The Thirty Cities charge you	95
To bring the Tarquins ²⁴ home :	
And if ye still be stubborn,	
To work the Tarquins wrong,	
The Thirty Cities warn you,	
Look that your walls be strong."	100

VII.

Then spake the Consul Aulus,	
He spake a bitter jest :	
"Once the jay sent a message	
Unto the eagle's nest: —	
Now yield thou up thine eyrie	105
Unto the carrion-kite,	
Or come forth valiantly, and face	
The jays in deadly fight. —	
Forth looked in wrath the eagle ;	
And carrion-kite and jay,	110
Soon as they saw his beak and claw,	
Fled screaming far away."	

VIII.

The Herald of the Latines	
Hath hied him back in state ;	

BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.	77
The Fathers of the City	115
Are met in high debate.	
Then spake the elder Consul,	
An ancient man and wise :	
“ Now hearken, Conscript Fathers, ²⁵	
To that which I advise.	120
In seasons of great peril	
’Tis good that one bear sway ;	
Then choose we a Dictator, ²⁶	
Whom all men shall obey.	
Camerium ²⁷ knows how deeply	125
The sword of Aulus bites,	
And all our city calls him	
The man of seventy fights.	
Then let him be Dictator	
For six months and no more ;	130
And have a Master of the Knights,	
And axes twenty-four. ²⁸	

IX.

So Aulus was Dictator,	
The man of seventy fights ;	
He made Æbutius Elva	135
His Master of the Knights. ²⁹	
On the third morn thereafter,	
At dawning of the day,	
Did Aulus and Æbutius	
Set forth with their array.	140
Sempronius Atratinus	
Was left in charge at home	
With boys, and with grey-headed men,	
To keep the walls of Rome.	
Hard by the Lake Regillus	145
Our camp was pitched at night :	

Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
 Under the Porcian height.
 Far over hill and valley
 Their mighty host was spread ; 150
 And with their thousand watch-fires
 The midnight sky was red.

x.

Up rose the golden morning
 Over the Porcian height,
 The proud Ides of Quintilis 155
 Marked evermore with white.
 Not without secret trouble
 Our bravest saw the foes ;
 For, girt by threescore thousand spears,
 The thirty standards rose. 160
 From every warlike city
 That boasts the Latian name,
 Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
 That gallant army came ;
 From Setia's ³⁰ purple vineyards, 165
 From Norba's ³¹ ancient wall,
 From the white streets of Tusculum,
 The proudest town of all ;
 From where the Witch's Fortress ³²
 O'erhangs the dark-blue seas ; 170
 From the still, glassy lake that sleeps
 Beneath Aricia's trees ³³ —
 Those trees in whose dim shadow
 The ghastly priest doth reign,
 The priest who slew the slayer, 175
 And shall himself be slain ;
 From the drear banks of Ufens, ³⁴
 Where flights of marsh-fowl play,

And buffaloes lie wallowing
 Through the hot summer's day ; 180
 From the gigantic watch-towers,
 No work of earthly men,
 Whence Cora's³⁵ sentinels o'erlook
 The never-ending fen ;
 From the Laurentian³⁶ jungle, 185
 The wild hog's reedy home ;
 From the green steeps whence Anio³⁷ leaps
 In floods of snow-white foam.

XI.

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
 Velitræ,³⁸ with the might 190
 Of Setia and of Tusculum,
 Were marshalled on the right :
 The leader was Mamilius,³⁹
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 Upon his head a helmet 195
 Of red gold shone like flame :
 High on a gallant charger
 Of dark-grey hue he rode ;
 Over his gilded armour
 A vest of purple flowed, 200
 Woven in the land of sunrise
 By Syria's dark-browed daughters,⁴⁰
 And by the sails of Carthage⁴¹ brought
 Far o'er the southern waters.

XII.

Lavinium⁴² and Laurentum 205
 Had on the left their post,
 With all the banners of the marsh,
 And banners of the coast.

Their leader was false Sextus,⁴³
 That wrought the deed of shame : 210
 With restless pace and haggard face
 To his last field he came.
 Men said he saw strange visions
 Which none beside might see,
 And that strange sounds were in his ears 215
 Which none might hear but he.
 A woman fair and stately,
 But pale as are the dead,
 Oft through the watches of the night
 Sat spinning by his bed. 220
 And as she plied the distaff,
 In a sweet voice and low,
 She sang of great old houses,
 And fights fought long ago.
 So spun she, and so sang she, 225
 Until the east was grey,
 Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
 And shrieked, and fled away.

XIII.

But in the centre thickest
 Were ranged the shields of foes, 230
 And from the centre loudest
 The cry of battle rose.
 There Tiber⁴⁴ marched and Pedum⁴⁵
 Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
 And Ferentinum⁴⁶ of the rock, 235
 And Gabii of the pool.
 There rode the Volscian succours⁴⁷ :
 There, in a dark stern ring,
 The Roman exiles gathered close
 Around the ancient king.⁴⁸ 240

Though white as Mount Soracte,⁴⁹
 When winter nights are long,
 His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
 His heart and hand were strong:
 Under his hoary eyebrows 245
 Still flashed forth quenchless rage,
 And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
 'Twas more with hate than age.
 Close at his side was Titus
 On an Apulian steed,⁵⁰ 250
 Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
 Too good for such a breed.

XIV.

Now on each side the leaders
 Gave signal for the charge;
 And on each side the footmen 255
 Strode on with lance and targe;
 And on each side the horsemen
 Struck their spurs deep in gore;
 And front to front the armies
 Met with a mighty roar : 260
 And under that great battle
 The earth with blood was red ;
 And, like the Pomptine fog⁵¹ at morn,
 The dust hung overhead ;
 And louder still and louder 265
 Rose from the darkened field
 The braying of the war-horns,
 The clang of sword and shield,
 The rush of squadrons sweeping
 Like whirlwinds o'er the plain, 270
 The shouting of the slayers,
 And screeching of the slain.

XV

False Sextus rode out foremost :
 His look was high and bold ;
 His corslet was of bison's hide, 275
 Plated with steel and gold.
 As glares the famished eagle
 From the Digentian rock ⁵²
 On a choice lamb that bounds alone
 Before Bandusia's flock, ⁵³ 280
 Herminius glared on Sextus,
 And came with eagle speed,
 Herminius on black Auster,
 Brave champion on brave steed ;
 In his right hand the broadsword 285
 That kept the bridge so well,
 And on his helm the crown ⁵⁴ he won
 When proud Fidenæ ⁵⁵ fell.
 Woe to the maid whose lover
 Shall cross his path to-day ! 290
 False Sextus saw, and trembled,
 And turned, and fled away.
 As turns, as flies, the woodman
 In the Calabrian brake,
 When through the reeds gleams the round eye 295
 Of that fell speckled snake ⁵⁶ ;
 So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
 And hid him in the rear,
 Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
 Bristling with crest and spear. 300

XVI.

But far to north Æbutius,
 The Master of the Knights,

Gave Tubero of Norba
 To feed the Porcian kites.
 Next under those red horse-hoofs 305
 Flaccus of Setia lay ;
 Better had he been pruning
 Among his elms that day.
 Mamilius saw the slaughter,
 And tossed his golden crest, 310
 And towards the Master of the Knights
 Through the thick battle pressed.
 Æbutius smote Mamilius
 So fiercely on the shield
 That the great lord of Tusculum 315
 Well nigh rolled on the field.
 Mamilius smote Æbutius,
 With a good aim and true,
 Just where the neck and shoulder join,
 And pierced him through and through ; 320
 And brave Æbutius Elva
 Fell swooning to the ground :
 But a thick wall of bucklers
 Encompassed him around.
 His clients from the battle 325
 Bare him some little space,
 And filled a helm from the dark lake,
 And bathed his brow and face ;
 And when at last he opened
 His swimming eyes to light, 330
 Men say, the earliest word he spake
 Was, " Friends, how goes the fight ? "

XVII.

But meanwhile in the centre
 Great deeds of arms were wrought ;

There Aulus the Dictator	335
And there Valerius ⁵⁷ fought.	
Aulus with his good broadsword	
A bloody passage cleared	
To where, amidst the thickest foes,	
He saw the long white beard.	340
Flat lighted that good broadsword	
Upon proud Tarquin's head.	
He dropped the lance : he dropped the reins :	
He fell as fall the dead.	
Down Aulus springs to slay him,	345
With eyes like coals of fire ;	
But faster Titus hath sprung down,	
And hath bestrode his sire.	
Latian captains, Roman knights,	
Fast down to earth they spring,	350
And hand to hand they fight on foot	
Around the ancient king.	
First Titus gave tall Cæso	
A death wound in the face ;	
Tall Cæso was the bravest man	355
Of the brave Fabian race :	
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,	
The priest of Juno's shrine : ⁵⁸	
Valerius smote down Julius,	
Of Rome's great Julian line ;	360
Julius, who left his mansion	
High on the Velian hill, ⁵⁹	
And through all turns of weal and woe	
Followed proud Tarquin still.	
Now right across proud Tarquin	365
A corpse was Julius laid ;	
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,	
And at Valerius made.	
Valerius struck at Titus,	
And lopped off half his crest ;	370

But Titus stabbed Valerius
A span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
Valerius reeled and fell.
Ah ! woe is me for the good house 375
That loves the people well !
Then shouted loud the Latines ;
And with one rush they bore
The struggling Romans backward
Three lances' length and more : 380
And up they took proud Tarquin,
And laid him on a shield,
And four strong yeomen bare him,
Still senseless, from the field.

XVIII.

But fiercer grew the fighting 385
Around Valerius dead ;
For Titus dragged him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head.
“ On, Latines, on ! ” quoth Titus,
“ See how the rebels fly ! ” 390
“ Romans, stand firm ! ” quoth Aulus,
“ And win this fight or die !
They must not give Valerius
To raven and to kite ;
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong, 395
And aye upheld the right :
And for your wives and babies
In the front rank he fell.
Now play the men for the good house
That loves the people well ! ” 400

XIX.

Then tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose,

I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame;
So ever rides Mamilius, 435
Prince of the Latian name."

XXII.

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus:
Spring on thy horse's back;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track; 440
Haste to our southward battle:
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain."

XXIII.

So Aulus spake, and turned him 445
Again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life.
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
The helmets of the dead, 450
And many a curdling pool of blood
Splashed him from heel to head.
So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh 455
And banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle
The stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword
That kept the bridge so well. 460

XXIV.

“ Herminius ! Aulus greets thee ;
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle ;
For sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin, 465
And there the Crest of Flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
In front of our array : 470
And Aulus of the seventy fields
Alone upholds the day.”

XXV.

Herminius beat his bosom :
But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane : 475
He gave the reins a shake,
Away, away went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow :
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus ⁶² to Po. ⁶³ 480

XXVI.

Right glad were all the Romans
Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering 485
Rose with a mighty swell ;
“ Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well ! ”

XXVII.

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way. 490
“ Herminius! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum, 495
And lay thou on for Rome! ”

XXVIII.

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and grey. 500
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius 505
Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore; 510
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

XXIX.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men; 515
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.

His bridle far out-streaming,
 His flanks all blood and foam,
 He sought the southern mountains,⁶⁴
 The mountains of his home. 520
 The pass was steep and rugged,
 The wolves they howled and whined;
 But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
 And he left the wolves behind.
 Through many a startled hamlet 525
 Thundered his flying feet;
 He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
 He rushed up the long white street;
 He rushed by tower and temple,
 And paused not from his race 530
 Till he stood before his master's door
 In the stately market-place.
 And straightway round him gathered
 A pale and trembling crowd,
 And when they knew him, cries of rage 535
 Brake forth, and wailing loud:
 And women rent their tresses
 For their great prince's fall;
 And old men girt on their old swords,
 And went to man the wall. 540

xxx.

But, like a graven image,
 Black Auster kept his place,
 And ever wistfully he looked
 Into his master's face.
 The raven-mane that daily 545
 With pats and fond caresses,
 The young Herminia washed and combed
 And twined in even tresses,

And decked with coloured ribands
 From her own gay attire, 550
 Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
 In carnage and in mire.
 Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
 And seized black Auster's rein.
 Then Aulus swore a fearful oath, 555
 And ran at him amain.
 "The furies ⁶⁵ of thy brother
 With me and mine abide,
 If one of your accursèd house
 Upon black Auster ride!" 560
 As on an Alpine watch-tower
 From heaven comes down the flame,
 Full on the neck of Titus
 The blade of Aulus came :
 And out the red blood spouted, 565
 In a wide arch and tall,
 As spouts a fountain in the court
 Of some rich Capuan's hall.⁶⁶
 The knees of all the Latines
 Were loosened with dismay 570
 When dead, on dead Herminius,
 The bravest Tarquin lay.

XXXI.

And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's raven mane,
 With heed he looked unto the girths, 575
 With heed unto the rein.
 "Now bear me well, black Auster,
 Into yon thick array ;
 And thou and I will have revenge
 For thy good lord this day." 580

XXXII.

So spake he; and was buckling
 Tighter black Auster's band,
 When he was aware of a princely pair
 That rode at his right hand.
 So like they were, no mortal 585
 Might one from other know:
 White as snow their armour was:
 Their steeds were white as snow.
 Never on earthly anvil
 Did such rare armour gleam; 590
 And never did such gallant steeds
 Drink of an earthly stream.

XXXIII.

And all who saw them trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek;
 And Aulus the Dictator 595
 Scarce gathered voice to speak.
 "Say by what name men call you?
 What city is your home?
 And wherefore ride ye in such guise
 Before the ranks of Rome?" 600

XXXIV.

"By many names men call us;
 In many lands we dwell:
 Well Samothracia⁶⁷ knows us;
 Cyrene⁶⁸ knows us well.
 Our house in gay Tarentum⁶⁹ 605
 Is hung each morn with flowers:
 High o'er the masts of Syracuse⁷⁰
 Our marble portal towers;

But by the proud Eurotas⁷¹
 Is our dear native home ; 610
 And for the right we come to fight
 Before the ranks of Rome."

XXXV.

So answered those strange horsemen,
 And each couched low his spear ;
 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome 615
 Were bold, and of good cheer :
 And on the thirty armies
 Came wonder and affright,
 And Ardea⁷² wavered on the left,
 And Cora on the right. 620
 "Rome to the charge !" cried Aulus ;
 "The foe begins to yield !
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta !⁷³
 Charge for the Golden Shield !⁷⁴
 Let no man stop to plunder, 625
 But slay, and slay, and slay ;
 The Gods who live for ever
 Are on our side to-day."

XXXVI.

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
 From earth to heaven arose, 630
 The kites know well the long stern swell
 That bids the Romans close.
 Then the good sword of Aulus
 Was lifted up to slay :
 Then, like a crag down Apennine, 635
 Rushed Auster through the fray.
 But under those strange horsemen
 Still thicker lay the slain ;

And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain. 640
Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time 645
Upon the Celtic plain⁷⁵ :
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now, by our Sire Quirinus,⁷⁶
It was a goodly sight 650
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time 655
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head ;
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Lanuvium⁷⁷ fled. 660
The horsemen of Nomentum⁷⁸
Spurred hard out of the fray ;
The footmen of Velitræ
Threw shield and spear away.
And underfoot was trampled, 665
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before :
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks 670
From where the apple blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum,⁷⁹
Chief of the Volscian aids,

And Metius with the long fair curls, 675
 The love of Anxur's ⁸⁰ maids,
 And the white head of Vulso,
 The great Arician seer, ⁸¹
 And Nepos and Laurentum,
 The hunter of the deer ; 680
 And in the back false Sextus
 Felt the good Roman steel,
 And wriggling in the dust he died,
 Like a worm beneath the wheel :
 And fliers and pursuers 685
 Were mingled in a mass ;
 And far away the battle
 Went roaring through the pass.

XXXVII.

Sempronius Atratinus
 Sate in the Eastern Gate, 690
 Beside him were three Fathers,
 Each in his chair of state ;
 Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
 That day were in the field,
 And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve 695
 Who kept the Golden Shield ;
 And Sergius, the High Pontiff, ⁸²
 For wisdom far renowned ;
 In all Etruria's colleges ⁸³
 Was no such Pontiff found. 700
 And all around the portal,
 And high above the wall,
 Stood a great throng of people,
 But sad and silent all ;
 Young lads, and stooping elders 705
 That might not bear the mail,

Matrons with lips that quivered,
 And maids with faces pale.
 Since the first gleam of daylight,
 Sempronius had not ceased . 710
 To listen for the rushing
 Of horse-hoofs from the east.
 The mist of eve was rising,
 The sun was hastening down,
 When he was aware of a princely pair 715
 Fast pricking towards the town.
 So like they were, man never
 Saw twins so like before ;
 Red with gore their armour was,
 Their steeds were red with gore. 720

XXXVIII.

" Hail to the great Asylum !⁸⁴
 Hail to the hill-tops seven !⁸⁵
 Hail to the fire that burns for aye,⁸⁶
 And the shield that fell from heaven !
 This day by Lake Regillus, 725
 Under the Porcian height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum
 Was fought a glorious fight,
 To-morrow your Dictator
 Shall bring in triumph home 730
 The spoils of thirty cities
 To deck the shrines of Rome ! "

XXXIX.

Then burst from that great concourse
 A shout that shook the towers,
 And some ran north, and some ran south, 735
 Crying, " The day is ours ! "

But on rode these strange horsemen,
 With slow and lordly pace ;
 And none who saw their bearing
 Durst ask their name or race. 740
 On rode they to the Forum,
 While laurel-boughs and flowers,
 From house-tops and from windows,
 Fell on their crests in showers.
 When they drew nigh to Vesta,⁸⁷ 745
 They vaulted down amain,
 And washed their horses in the well
 That springs by Vesta's fane.
 And straight again they mounted,
 And rode to Vesta's door ; 750
 Then, like a blast, away they passed,
 And no man saw them more.

XL.

And all the people trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek ;
 And Sergius the High Pontiff 755
 Alone found voice to speak :
 " The gods who live for ever
 Have fought for Rome to-day !
 These be the Great Twin Brethren
 To whom the Dorians pray. 760
 Back comes the Chief in triumph,
 Who, in the hour of fight,
 Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
 In harness on his right.⁸⁸
 Safe comes the ship to haven,⁸⁹ 765
 Through billows and through gales,
 If once the Great Twin Brethren
 Sit shining on the sails.

Wherefore they washed their horses
In Vesta's holy well, 770
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren 775
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis,
Marked evermore with white, 780
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
With music and with song;
And let the doors and windows 785
Be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summoned
To Mars without the wall :
Thence let them ride in purple
With joyous trumpet-sound, 790
Each mounted on his war-horse,
And each with olive crowned ;
And pass in solemn order
Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren 795
Who fought so well for Rome ! ”

VIRGINIA.

A COLLECTION consisting exclusively of war-songs would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous, notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads. The Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccus, he were distinguished by his valour and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays, Horatius, Lars, Herminius, Aulus Posthumus, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the Commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts of early Roman history are richer with poetical colouring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies, but which regarded each other, during many years,

with bitter animosity. Between those castes there was a barrier hardly less strong than that which, at Venice, parted the members of the Great Council from their countrymen. In some respects, indeed, the line which separated an Icilius or a Duilius from a Posthumius or a Fabius was even more deeply marked than that which separated the rower of a gondola from a Contarini or a Morosini. At Venice the distinction was merely civil. At Rome it was both civil and religious. Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered, three were felt as peculiarly severe. They were excluded from the highest magistracies, they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a monied class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public gaol under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honourable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in his century, and were allowed a share, considerable though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the Commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable; and though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of the grievances under which they laboured; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length, in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws¹ which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported, with eminent ability and firmness, by his colleague, Lucius Sextius. The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever in any community terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of faction, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year Licinius and Sextius were

re-elected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert, to the full extent, their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military muster could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept, and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been peculiarly intense at the annual election of Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony, and victory followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. Even in modern times songs have been by no means without influence on public affairs; and we may therefore infer that, in a society where printing was unknown, and where books were rare, a pathetic or humorous party-ballad must have produced effects such as we can but faintly conceive. It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from a very early period.

The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse.² The lampoons of the city were doubtless of a higher order; and their sting was early felt by the nobility. For in the Twelve Tables, long before the time of the Licinian laws, a severe punishment was denounced against the citizen who should compose or recite verses reflecting on another.* Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition in which the Latin poets, whose works have come down to us, were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the only sort of composition in which they have never been rivalled. It was not, like their tragedy, their comedy, their epic and lyric poetry, a hothouse plant which, in return for assiduous and skilful culture, gave only scanty and sickly fruits. It was hardy and full of sap; and in all the various juices which it yielded might be distinguished the flavour of the Ausonian soil. "Satire," says Quintilian, with just pride, "is all our own." Satire sprang, in truth, naturally from the constitution of the Roman government and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though at length subjected to metrical rules derived from Greece, retained to the last an essentially Roman character. Lucilius was the earliest satirist whose works were held in esteem under the Cæsars. But many years before Lucilius was born, Nævius had been flung into a dungeon, and guarded there with circumstances of unusual rigour, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family.† The genius and spirit of the Roman satirists survived the liberty of their country,

* Cicero justly infers from this law that there had been early Latin poets whose works had been lost before his time. "Quamquam id quidem etiam xii tabulæ declarant, condi jam tum solitum esse carmen, quod ne liceret fieri ad alterius injuriam lege sanxerunt." — *Tusc.* iv. 2.

† Plautus, *Miles Gloriosus*. Aulus Gellius, iii. 3.

and were not extinguished by the cruel despotism of the Julian and Flavian Emperors. The great poet who told the story of Domitian's turbot³ was the legitimate successor of those forgotten minstrels whose songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonourable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanour, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valour. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues.* One of them had been intrusted

* In the years of the city 260, 304, and 330.

with an army, and had failed ignominiously.* None of them had been honoured with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalised himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favourite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from

* In the year of the city 282.

servitude and dishonour by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the re-election of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people: clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favourite candidates: Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain; Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes: work is suspended: the booths are closed: the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.

VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON
LUCIUS SEXTIUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS STOLO
WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME, IN
THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII.

YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes⁴ that still have stood by
you,

Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet
may bear.

This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,⁵ 5

Of maids with snaky tresses,⁶ or sailors turned to swine.⁷

Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,

In the sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.

Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,

Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten⁸
bare sway. 10

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.

He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin⁹ in his pride:

Twelve axes¹⁰ waited on him, six marching on a side;

The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance
with fear 15

His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed
to sneer:

That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;

For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill:

Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client ¹¹ Marcus steals, 20

His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,

And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.

Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks,
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.

Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd; 25
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;

Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;

And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black,
stormy sky,
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came
by. 30

With her small tablets ¹² in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,

Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;

And up the Sacred Street ¹³ she turned, and, as she danced
along, 35

She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,

And found Lucrece,¹⁴ combing the fleece, under the midnight
lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his
flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning
light; 40
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet
young face,
And loved her with the accursèd love of his accursèd race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

Over the Alban mountains¹⁵ the light of morning broke; 45
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills¹⁶ curled the thin
wreaths of smoke:
The city gates were opened; the Forum all alive¹⁷
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was
ringing, 49
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her
arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame
or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay, 55
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this
day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when ere-
while
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client
smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and
clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the
wrist. 60

Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look
aghast;

And at her scream from right and left the folk came run-
ning fast;

The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punie¹⁵
wares,

And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand, 66
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands
and smiled;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go. 70
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell
tone,

"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and
sold,

The year of the sore sickness,¹⁹ ere she was twelve hours
old.

'Twas in the sad September; the month of wail and fright, 75
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died
ere night.

I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's
ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor
man's right. 82

There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then ;
 But all the city, 'in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
 Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid, 85
 Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked
 for aid,
 Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
 And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon
 his breast,
 And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
 Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords,
 are hung.²⁰ 90
 And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
 Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants
 quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers'
 graves.
 Be men to-day, Quirites,²¹ or be for ever slaves !
 For this did Servius²² give us laws ? For this did Lucrece
 bleed ? 95
 For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil
 seed ?²³
 For this did those false sons make red the axes of their
 sire ?²⁴
 For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire ?²⁵
 Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's
 den ?
 Shall we, who could not brook one lord,²⁶ crouch to the wicked
 Ten ? 100
 Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will !
 Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred
 Hill !²⁷
 In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side ;
 They faced the Marcian²⁸ fury ; they tamed the Fabian²⁹
 pride :

They drove the fiercest Quinctius³⁰ an outcast forth from
Rome; 105

They sent the haughtiest Claudius³¹ with shivered fasces³²
home.

But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honours — 'twas in vain: for freedom — 'tis
no more. 110

No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No Tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak
from wrong.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your
will.

Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them: —
keep them still.

Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown, 115
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown³³:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords
have won.³⁴

Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor. 120
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born
feet.

Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate; 125
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.

But, by the Shades³⁵ beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!³⁶

Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs,³⁷ and ancient Alban³⁸
kings? 130

Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wonder-
ing street,

Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan³⁹ odours, and shine with Spanish
gold ? ⁴⁰

Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life — 135
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul
endures,

The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with
pride ;

Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame, 141
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood
to flame,

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the
wretched dare."

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. 41

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside, 145
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn
and hide,

Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer⁴² the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down ;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown. 150
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to
swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet
child ! Farewell !

Oh ! how I loved my darling ! Though stern I sometimes
be,

To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to
thee? 154

And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,⁴³
And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth
my gown!

Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays; 160
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I re-
turn,

Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble
halls,

Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal
gloom, 165

And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this
way!

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the
prey!

With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed,
bereft,

Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left. 170
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can
save

Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the
slave;

Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never
know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one
more kiss; 175

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she
died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all 181
A cry as if the Volscians⁴⁴ were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces, shrieking, fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain:
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be
found; 185
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch
the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and
sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his
gown, 190
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered
nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on
high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,⁴⁵
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine, 195
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his
way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with
steadfast feet, 199
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!

Ten thousand pounds of copper⁴⁶ to the man who brings his head."

He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence
cleft, 205

Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done
in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflow-
ing tide; 210

And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress⁴⁷
crown,

And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and
sneer, 215

And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble
here?

Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they
stray?

Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse
away!"

The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd, 220
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on
the deep,

Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from
sleep.

But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,

Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,

Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin, 225

That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.

The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill,⁴⁸ beyond the Latin Gate.⁴⁹

But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain, 230
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black frowns,

And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.

'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,

Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.

Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads, 235

With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.

Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek;

And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;

And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell;

"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell! 240

Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.

Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"

And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air

Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule
chair: 244

And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but
shame.

Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them
right,

That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in
fight.

Still Caius of Corioli,⁵⁰ his triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs. 250
Beneath the yoke of Furius⁵¹ oft have Gaul and Tuscan
bowed;

And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is
proud.

But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes colour like a maid at sight of sword and
shield.

The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city
towers; 255

The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any neck but ours.

A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever at the face;

A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase;

But the vile Claudian litter, raging with curish spite,

Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those
who smite. 260

So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote
upon his thigh.

"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!

Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest way!"

While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered
stare, 265

Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule
chair;

And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the
right,

Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt
up for fight.

But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the
throng,

That scarce the train with might and main could bring their
lord along. 270

Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they seized
his gown;

Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him
down:

And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the yell —

“Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!” — rose with a louder
swell:

And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail 275

When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,

When the Calabrian sea-marks⁵² are lost in clouds of spume,

And the great Thunder-Cape⁵³ has donned his veil of inky
gloom.

One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the
ear;

And ere he reached Mount Palatine,⁵⁴ he swooned with pain
and fear. 280

His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with
pride,

Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from
side to side;

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,

His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.

As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson
be! 285

God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to
see!

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THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

It can hardly be necessary to remind any reader that, according to the popular tradition, Romulus, after he had slain his grand-uncle Amulius, and restored his grandfather Numitor, determined to quit Alba, the hereditary domain of the Sylvian princes, and to found a new city. The Gods, it was added, vouchsafed the clearest signs of the favour with which they regarded the enterprise, and of the high destinies reserved for the young colony.

This event was likely to be a favourite theme of the old Latin minstrels. They would naturally attribute the project of Romulus to some divine intimation of the power and prosperity which it was decreed that his city should attain. They would probably introduce seers foretelling the victories of unborn Consuls and Dictators, and the last great victory would generally occupy the most conspicuous place in the prediction. There is nothing strange in the supposition that the poet who was employed to celebrate the first great triumph of the Romans over the Greeks might throw his song of exultation into this form.

The occasion was one likely to excite the strongest feelings of national pride. A great outrage had been followed by a great retribution. Seven years before this time, Lucius Posthumius Megellus, who sprang from one of the noblest houses of Rome, and had been thrice Consul, was sent ambassador to Tarentum, with charge to demand reparation for grievous injuries. The Tarentines gave him audience in their theatre, where he addressed them in such Greek as

he could command, which, we may well believe, was not exactly such as Cineas would have spoken. An exquisite sense of the ridiculous belonged to the Greek character: and closely connected with this faculty was a strong propensity to flippancy and impertinence. When Posthumius placed an accent wrong, his hearers burst into a laugh. When he remonstrated, they hooted him, and called him barbarian; and at length hissed him off the stage as if he had been a bad actor. As the grave Roman retired, a buffoon who, from his constant drunkenness, was nicknamed the Pint-pot, came up with gestures of the grossest indecency, and bespattered the senatorial gown with filth. Posthumius turned round to the multitude, and held up the gown, as if appealing to the universal law of nations. The sight only increased the insolence of the Tarentines. They clapped their hands, and set up a shout of laughter which shook the theatre. "Men of Tarentum," said Posthumius, "it will take not a little blood to wash this gown." *

Rome, in consequence of this insult, declared war against the Tarentines. The Tarentines sought for allies beyond the Ionian Sea. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, came to their help with a large army; and for the first time, the two great nations of antiquity were fairly matched against each other.

The fame of Greece in arms, as well as in arts, was then at the height. Half a century earlier, the career of Alexander had excited the admiration and terror of all nations from the Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules. Royal houses, founded by Macedonian captains, still reigned at Antioch and Alexandria. That barbarian warriors, led by barbarian chiefs, should win a pitched battle against Greek valour guided by Greek science, seemed as incredible as it would now seem that the Burmese or the Siamese should, in the open plain, put to flight an equal number of the best English troops.

* Dion. Hal. *De Legationibus*.

The Tarentines were convinced that their countrymen were irresistible in war; and this conviction had emboldened them to treat with the grossest indignity one whom they regarded as the representative of an inferior race. Of the Greek generals then living, Pyrrhus was indisputably the first. Among the troops who were trained in the Greek discipline, his Epirotes ranked high. His expedition to Italy was a turning-point in the history of the world. He found there a people who, far inferior to the Athenians and Corinthians in the fine arts, in the speculative sciences, and in all the refinements of life, were the best soldiers on the face of the earth. Their arms, their gradations of rank, their order of battle, their method of intrenchment, were all of Latin origin, and had all been gradually brought near to perfection, not by the study of foreign models, but by the genius and experience of many generations of great native commanders. The first words which broke from the king, when his practised eye had surveyed the Roman encampment, were full of meaning:—"These barbarians," he said, "have nothing barbarous in their military arrangements." He was at first victorious; for his own talents were superior to those of the captains who were opposed to him; and the Romans were not prepared for the onset of the elephants of the East, which were then for the first time seen in Italy—moving mountains, with long snakes for hands.* But the victories of the Epirotes were fiercely disputed, dearly purchased, and altogether unprofitable. At length, Manius Curius Dentatus, who had in his first Consulship won two triumphs, was again placed at the head of the Roman Commonwealth, and sent to encounter the invaders. A great battle was fought near Beneventum. Pyrrhus was completely defeated. He repassed the sea; and the world learned, with amazement, that a people had

* *Anquimanus* is the old Latin epithet for an elephant. Lucretius, ii. 538, v. 1302.

been discovered, who, in fair fighting, were superior to the best troops that had been drilled on the system of Parmenio and Antigonus.

The conquerors had a good right to exult in their success; for their glory was all their own. They had not learned from their enemy how to conquer him. It was with their own national arms, and in their own national battle-array, that they had overcome weapons and tactics long believed to be invincible. The pilum and the broadsword had vanquished the Macedonian spear. The legion had broken the Macedonian phalanx. Even the elephants, when the surprise produced by their first appearance was over, could cause no disorder in the steady yet flexible battalions of Rome.

It is said by Florus, and may easily be believed, that the triumph far surpassed in magnificence any that Rome had previously seen. The only spoils which Papirius Cursor and Fabius Maximus could exhibit were flocks and herds, waggons of rude structure, and heaps of spears and helmets. But now, for the first time, the riches of Asia and the arts of Greece adorned a Roman pageant. Plate, fine stuffs, costly furniture, rare animals, exquisite paintings and sculptures, formed part of the procession. At the banquet would be assembled a crowd of warriors and statesmen, among whom Manius Curius Dentatus would take the highest room. Caius Fabricius Luscinus, then, after two Consulships and two triumphs, Censor of the Commonwealth, would doubtless occupy a place of honour at the board. In situations less conspicuous probably lay some of those who were, a few years later, the terror of Carthage; Caius Duilius, the founder of the maritime greatness of his country; Marcus Atilius Regulus, who owed to defeat a renown far higher than that which he had derived from his victories; and Caius Lutatius Catulus, who, while suffering from a grievous wound, fought the great battle of the

Ægates, and brought the First Punic War to a triumphant close. It is impossible to recount the names of these eminent citizens, without reflecting that they were all, without exception, Plebeians, and would, but for the ever-memorable struggle maintained by Caius Licinius and Lucius Sextius, have been doomed to hide in obscurity, or to waste in civil broils the capacity and energy which prevailed against Pyrrhus and Hamilcar.

On such a day we may suppose that the patriotic enthusiasm of a Latin poet would vent itself in reiterated shouts of *Io triumphæ*, such as were uttered by Horace on a far less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil put into the mouth of Anchises. The superiority of some foreign nations, and especially of the Greeks, in the lazy arts of peace, would be admitted with disdainful candour; but pre-eminence in all the qualities which fit a people to subdue and govern mankind would be claimed for the Romans.

The following lay belongs to the latest age of Latin ballad-poetry. Nævius and Livius Andronicus were probably among the children whose mothers held them up to see the chariot of Curius go by. The minstrel who sang on that day might possibly have lived to read the first hexameters of Ennius, and to see the first comedies of Plautus. His poem, as might be expected, shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations, than would have been found in compositions of the age of Camillus. But he troubles himself little about dates, and having heard travellers talk with admiration of the Colossus of Rhodes, and of the structures and gardens with which the Macedonian kings of Syria had embellished their residence on the banks of the Orontes, he has never thought of inquiring whether these things existed in the age of Romulus.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY WHEREON
MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME CONSUL, TRIUMPHED
OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE TARENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF THE
CITY CCCCLXXIX.

I.

Now slain is King Amulius,¹
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,²
On the throne of Aventine.³
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,⁴ 5
Who spake the words of doom :
“ The children to the Tiber ;
The mother to the tomb.”

II.

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging : 10
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing :
The yoke hangs o'er the manger :
The scythe lies in the hay :
Through all the Alban villages 15
No work is done to-day.

III.

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown ;

And every head in Alba
 Weareth a poplar crown ⁵; 20
 And every Alban door-post
 With boughs and flowers is gay:
 For to-day the dead are living;
 The lost are found to-day.

IV.

They were doomed by a bloody king: 25
 They were doomed by a lying priest:
 They were cast on the raging flood:
 They were tracked by the raging beast:
 Raging beast and raging flood
 Alike have spared the prey; 30
 And to-day the dead are living:
 The lost are found to-day.

V.

The troubled river knew them,
 And smoothed his yellow foam,⁶
 And gently rocked the cradle 35
 That bore the fate of Rome.
 The ravening she-wolf knew them,
 And licked them o'er and o'er,
 And gave them of her own fierce milk,
 Rich with raw flesh and gore. 40
 Twenty winters, twenty springs,
 Since then have rolled away;
 And to-day the dead are living:
 The lost are found to-day.

VI.

Blithe it was to see the twins, 45
 Right goodly youths and tall,

Marching from Alba Longa
 To their old grandsire's hall.
 Along their path fresh garlands
 Are hung from tree to tree : 50
 Before them stride the pipers,
 Piping a note of glee.

VII.

On the right goes Romulus,
 With arms to the elbows red,
 And in his hand a broadsword, 55
 And on the blade a head —
 A head in an iron helmet,
 With horse-hair hanging down,
 A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
 Fixed in a ghastly frown — 60
 The head of King Amulius
 Of the great Sylvian line,
 Who reigned in Alba Longa,
 On the throne of Aventine.

VIII.

On the left side goes Remus, 65
 With wrists and fingers red,
 And in his hand a boar-spear,
 And on the point a head —
 A wrinkled head and aged,
 With silver beard and hair, 70
 And holy fillets round it,
 Such as the pontiffs wear —
 The head of ancient Camers,
 Who spake the words of doom :
 "The children to the Tiber ; 75
 The mother to the tomb."

IX.

Two and two behind the twins
 Their trusty comrades go,
Four and forty valiant men,
 With club, and axe, and bow. 80
On each side every hamlet
 Pours forth its joyous crowd,
Shouting lads and baying dogs
 And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly 85
 As Rhea's boys go by,
And maids who shriek to see the heads,
 Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

X.

So they marched along the lake;
 They marched by fold and stall, 90
By corn-field and by vineyard,
 Unto the old man's hall.

XI.

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
 Capys, the sightless seer;
From head to foot he trembled 95
 As Romulus drew near.
And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
 And his blind eyes flashed fire:
"Hail! foster child of the wonderous nurse!
 Hail! son of the wonderous sire! 100

XII.

"But thou — what dost thou here
 In the old man's peaceful hall?

What doth the eagle in the coop,
 The bison in the stall ?
 Our corn fills many a garner ; 105
 Our vines clasp many a tree ;
 Our flocks are white on many a hill
 But these are not for thee.

XIII.

“ For thee no treasure ripens
 In the Tartessian mine⁷ : 110
 For thee no ship brings precious bales
 Across the Libyan brine⁸ :
 Thou shalt not drink from amber ;
 Thou shalt not rest on down⁹ ;
 Arabia¹⁰ shall not steep thy locks, 115
 Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.¹¹

XIV.

Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
 Rich table and soft bed,
 To them who of man's seed are born,
 Whom woman's milk have fed. 120
 Thou wast not made for lucre,
 For pleasure, nor for rest ;
 Thou, that art sprung from the War-god's loins,
 And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast.

XV.

“ From sunrise unto sunset 125
 All earth shall hear thy fame :
 A glorious city thou shalt build,
 And name it by thy name :
 And there, unquenched through ages,
 Like Vesta's¹² sacred fire, 130
 Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
 The spirit of thy sire.

XVI.

“The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad ;
The patient ass, up flinty paths, 135
Plods with his weary load :
With whine and bound the spaniel
His master’s whistle hears ;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud clashing shears. 140

XVII.

“But thy nurse will hear no master ;
Thy nurse will bear no load ;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad !
When all the pack, loud baying, 145
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.

XVIII.

“Pomona ¹³ loves the orchard ;
And Liber ¹⁴ loves the vine ; 150
And Pales ¹⁵ loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine ;
And Venus ¹⁶ loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April’s ivory moonlight 155
Beneath the chestnut shade.

XIX.

“But thy father loves the clashing
Of broadsword and of shield :

He loves to drink the steam that reeks
 From the fresh battle-field; 160
 He smiles a smile more dreadful
 Than his own dreadful frown,
 When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
 Go up from the conquered town.

XX.

“ And such as is the War-god, 165
 The author of thy line,
 And such as she who suckled thee,
 Even such be thou and thine.
 Leave to the soft Campanian
 His baths and his perfumes; 170
 Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
 Their dyeing-vats and looms:
 Leave to the sons of Carthage
 The rudder and the oar:
 Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs 175
 And scrolls of wordy lore.

XXI.

“ Thine, Roman, is the pilum ¹⁷:
 Roman, the sword is thine,
 The even trench, the bristling mound,¹⁸
 The legion’s ordered line ¹⁹; 180
 And thine the wheels of triumph,²⁰
 Which with their laurelled train
 Move slowly up the shouting streets
 To Jove’s eternal fane.

XXII.

“ Beneath thy yoke the Volscian 185
 Shall vail his lofty brow:

Soft Capua's curled revellers ²¹
 Before thy chairs shall bow :
 The Lucumoes of Arnus ²²
 Shall quake thy rods to see ; 190
 And the proud Samnite's heart of steel ²³
 Shall yield to only thee.

XXIII.

"The Gaul shall come against thee
 From the land of snow and night :
 Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies 195
 To the raven and the kite.

XXIV.

"The Greek shall come against thee,
 The conqueror of the East.
 Beside him stalks to battle
 The huge earth-shaking beast, ²⁴ 200
 The beast on whom the castle
 With all its guards doth stand,
 The beast who hath between his eyes
 The serpent for a hand.
 First march the bold Epirotes, 205
 Wedged close with shield and spear ²⁵
 And the ranks of false Tarentum
 Are glittering in the rear.

XXV.

"The ranks of false Tarentum
 Like hunted sheep shall fly : 210
 In vain the bold Epirotes
 Shall round their standards die
 And Apennine's grey vultures
 Shall have a noble feast
 On the fat and the eyes 215
 Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

XXVI.

"Hurrah! for the good weapons
 That keep the War-god's land.
 Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
 In a stout Roman hand. 220
 Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,²⁶
 That through the thick array
 Of levelled spears and serried shields
 Hews deep its gory way.

XXVII.

"Hurrah! for the great triumph 225
 That stretches many a mile.
 Hurrah! for the wan captives
 That pass in endless file.
 Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
 Hath the Red King²⁷ ta'en flight? 230
 Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
 Is not the gown washed white²⁸?

XXVIII.

"Hurrah! for the great triumph
 That stretches many a mile.
 Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre, 235
 And the fine web of Nile,
 The helmets gay with plumage
 Torn from the pheasant's wings,
 The belts set thick with starry gems
 That shone on Indian kings, 240
 The urns of massy silver,
 The goblets rough with gold,
 The many-coloured tablets bright
 With loves and wars of old,

The stone that breathes and struggles, 245
 The brass that seems to speak ; —
 Such cunning they who dwell on high
 Have given unto the Greek.

XXIX.

“ Hurrah ! for Manius Curius,²⁹
 The bravest son of Rome, 250
 Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
 Thrice drawn in triumph home.
 Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
 The third embroidered gown³⁰ :
 Make ready the third lofty car,³¹ 255
 And twine the third green crown³² ;
 And yoke the steeds of Rosea³³
 With necks like a bended bow,
 And deck the bull, Mevania’s³⁴ bull,
 The bull as white as snow. . 260

XXX.

“ Blest and thrice blest the Roman
 Who sees Rome’s brightest day,
 Who sees that long victorious pomp
 Wind down the Sacred Way,³⁵
 And through the bellowing Forum, 265
 And round the Suppliant’s Grove,³⁶
 Up to the everlasting gates
 Of Capitolian Jove.

XXXI.

“ Then where, o’er two bright havens,
 The towers of Corinth frown³⁷ ; 270
 Where the gigantic King of Day³⁸
 On his own Rhodes looks down ;

Where soft Orontes murmurs
 Beneath the laurel shades ³⁹;
Where Nile reflects the endless length 275
 Of dark-red colonnades ⁴⁰;
Where in the still deep water,
 Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
 Of Byrsa's ⁴¹ thousand masts; 280
Where fur-clad hunters wander
 Amidst the northern ice;
Where through the sand of morning-land
 The camel bears the spice ⁴²;
Where Atlas ⁴³ flings his shadow 285
 Far o'er the western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
 The mighty name of Rome."

NOTES.

HORATIUS.

1. "The year of the city ccclx" = 393 B.C.

2. "Lars Porsena." "Lar" is the Latin word (derived from the Etruscan), indicating one of a class of minor divinities who were either family gods of the hearth or public patrons of roads, streets, and even cities. They were not of divine origin, but the deified souls of men, and, in the case of family lares, of deceased ancestors. It was more or less customary throughout the ancient world to assume or endeavor to anticipate a coming apotheosis in the case of rulers, and this was done sometimes indirectly by attributing the divine quality by means of a title or name, sometimes in terms by the direct flattery of courtiers and subjects. So we find several of the Roman emperors legally deified and worshipped during their lives, and doubtless the Etruscan "Lars" was used in this sense, as the name or title of king or priest, offices apt to be held by the same person in the early Italian communities. "Lars Porsena" may be thus freely rendered, "The Divine Porsena."

3. "Clusium" occupied the site of the modern Chiusi.

4. "The Nine Gods." The *Dei novensiles* of Etruscan theology were those who had the power to launch lightning and thunderbolts. They were Jupiter (Tinia), Juno (Cupra or Uni), Minerva (Menrfa), Vejovis (an evil Jupiter), Summanus (god of night), Vulcanus (Sethlan or Velch), Saturnus, Mars (Maris), and a ninth who has not been satisfactorily identified, but was probably Neptunus (Nethuns). Janus, or Hercules (Ercele or Hercle).

5. "The great house of Tarquin." The legendary history of the house of Tarquin is told by Livy, Book I, Chaps. 35-60. Being themselves of Etruscan descent, they naturally appealed to the Etruscans for aid.

6. "Volaterræ," now Volterra. Much of the ancient wall is still standing, and shows a height of forty feet, a thickness of thirteen feet, and a circumference of four and a half miles. The strength of the

town may be inferred from the fact that it withstood for two years a siege by Sulla's troops. It was quite customary to attribute such works to a superhuman agency.

7. "Seagirt Populonia." The site of Populonia, not far from the modern Piombino, is now occupied by a poor village.

8. "Pisæ," now Pisa.

9. "Massilia's triremes." Massilia, now Marseilles, was a flourishing Greek colony founded about 600 B.C. It was very prominent commercially and strong enough to contend with Carthage in naval warfare. Gallic slaves may be readily assumed to have been one of its leading exports. The trireme, or galley with three banks of oars, was the "ship-of-the-line" of the period.

10. "Sweet Clanis." The Clanis is now the Chiana, which joins the Paglia at Orvieto and flows thence into the Tiber.

11. "Cortona" still stands upon its hill (2170 feet), looking down upon the valley of the Chiana.

12. "Auser's rill." The Auser (or Ausar) rose in the Apennines on the border of Liguria and flowed into the Arnus at Pisæ. It is identified with the modern Serchio, though the latter empties into the Mediterranean Sea some distance north of the Arno. A new channel is supposed to have formed.

13. "The Ciminian hill." Mount Cimino, near Viterbo, was once considered the great natural bulwark of central Etruria.

14. "Clitumnus." The Clitumnus, now the Clitumno, rises near the little village of Le Vene between Trevi and Spoleto. A sacred river, the white cattle bred upon its banks were especially esteemed for sacrificial purposes. Even now the people of the neighborhood imagine that its water has the magic attribute of turning cattle white. For a charming description see Pliny's letter to Romanus, VIII, 8.

15. "The Volsinian mere," now the famous Lago di Bolsena.

16. "Arretium," now Arezzo.

17. "Umbro." The Umbro, now the Ombrone, flows from near Siena southwesterly into the sea.

18. "Luna." The ruins of Luna lie on the coast not far from Spezzia, and a few miles east of Pta. Bianca.

19. "Traced from the right on linen white." Contrary to the Roman system the Etruscan wrote from right to left—a strong indication of their Oriental origin. Their sacred books were numerous and are referred to by different writers of antiquity as *Libri Etrusci* — *Chartæ Etruscæ* — *Scripta Etrusca* — *Tusci libelli* — *Etruscæ disciplinæ libri* — *Libri fatales, rituales, haruspicini, fulgurales et tonitru-*

ales — *Libri Tagetici* — *Sacra Tagetica* — *Sacra Acherontica* — and *Libri Acherontici*. They are supposed to have been written by or taken down from the lips of Tages, a being possessed of the face of a child but the wisdom of a sage, who was ploughed up in a field near Tarquinii. Cicero on Divinations, II, 23. See also for books of divination, Cicero on Divinations, I, 12, 33, 43, and 44; II, 54. Linen was written upon in early times, but probably only in case of sacred writings or state records. See Livy IV, 7.

20. "Nurscia's altars." This name is not familiar, though no doubt Macaulay had authority for the spelling. The allusion is probably to Nortia, the Etruscan goddess of fortune, at whose temple at Volsinii a nail was driven to record the passage of each year.

21. "The golden shields of Rome." The *Aucilia* were the twelve bronze (or golden?) shields that hung in the temple of Mars Gradivus on the Palatine Hill. One was supposed to have fallen from heaven, and the soothsayers had declared that so long as it remained in Rome the state would endure. Numa Pompilius, the then reigning king, thereupon had eleven others made exactly like it to lessen the chance of its being stolen, and constituted a college of twelve priests, the *salii*, whose duty it was to guard it. See Ovid's "Fasti," III, 377.

22. "Sutrium." The modern Sutri.

23. "The Tusculan Mamilius." Octavius Mamilius was son-in-law of King Tarquin, who had endeavored during his reign to attach to his interests many of the chief men of the Latins. Tusculum, now only a few ruins, stood near the modern Frascati, and was one of the most important of the Latin cities. It was fabled to have been founded by Telegonus, son of Ulysses and Circe, and was the birthplace of the elder Cato and the favorite residence of Cicero (note his "Tusculan Disputations").

24. "The yellow Tiber." The color of the Tiber is due to the swiftness of the current that sweeps down and holds in suspension many particles of earth and clay.

25. "The spacious champaign." The Roman Campagna may be said to be the plain bounded on the north by the Ciminian forest, on the south by the Alban Hills, on the east by the Sabine Apennines, and on the west by the sea.

26. "Skins of wine." The early method of keeping and carrying the cheaper grades of wine was in sacks or bottles made of the skins of animals, and the poorer wines of Spain and Greece are still kept in "skins."

27. "The rock Tarpeian." The Tarpeian Rock, from which con-

demned traitors were thrown in early days, was presumably the highest point of the Capitoline Hill. The formation has changed very much and, though the spot is still pointed out, its alleged location is not considered beyond suspicion.

28. "The Fathers of the City." The Fathers were the three hundred senators, heads of the three hundred families of the three tribes, those of the last admitted tribe, the Luceres, being known as the *patres minorum gentium*. After the institution of the republic, vacancies which had occurred in the senate, either by the killing of obnoxious senators by Tarquin, or by the departure of those who accompanied him into exile, were filled by certain chosen plebeians of equestrian rank, who, because they were enrolled with the others, were known as *conscripti*. Hence the senate was called *Patres et conscripti*, shortened into *Patres conscripti*, "Conscript fathers."

29. "Crustumium," a colony from Alba, is supposed to have been situated in the mountains near the sources of the Allia (now the Aia or Fosso della Bettina). It was captured by Romulus and again by Tarquinius Priscus.

30. "Ostia," founded by Ancus Marcius at the mouth of the Tiber, was the ancient seaport of Rome. It is now about two and a half miles from the coast, in consequence of the vast quantity of sand, earth, etc., carried down and deposited by the river.

31. "Janiculum," now known as the Monte Gianicolo, was the heights on the western bank of the Tiber, first fortified and connected with the city by Ancus Marcius. A white banner floated from its top, and was lowered only when an enemy came in sight, to warn the burghers of the threatened attack.

32. "The Consul." Two consuls (first called prætors), elected each year, administered the Roman government, being vested with all the civil and military prerogatives of the kings, except that of high-priest of the state. They presided alternately for a month at a time.

33. "The River-Gate." It is probable that there were originally two gates where the walls approached the river bank: the *Carmen-talis* in the north wall, and the *Flumentana* in the south, although this is contrary to the conclusions of most antiquarians, who place the *Porta Flumentana* on the north near the *Porta Carmentalis*, thus locating two gates (not to mention the special *Porta Triumphalis* for the use of a triumphing imperator) in the short stretch of wall between the river and the Capitoline Hill. In the south wall they locate the *Porta Trigemina*, from which the wall ran unbroken a distance of over half a mile around the Aventine Hill to the *Porta Nævia*. Macaulay

undoubtedly places the Flumentana in the south wall (see note 60), and, while there seems to be no definite authority for it, we may imagine his reasoning. But one gate was needed on each side. We *know* the Carmentalis was in the north wall, and doubtless that gate in the south which was nearest the Tiber would be known as the Porta Flumentana or "River-Gate." Later, when the Carmentalis became a gate of evil omen, owing to the Fabii marching through it on their fatal expedition to Cremera (see Macaulay's Preface), it doubtless became necessary to build a third gate even in so short a stretch of wall. People would not use the Carmentalis, and the Triumphalis could be opened only for a specific purpose. Therefore a new "River-Gate" was built close to the Tiber. Meanwhile it is probable that the old "River-Gate" was an insufficient outlet for its district, and was enlarged into a three-arched gate, thence called the Trigemina; and so the name "River-Gate" might very naturally have shifted from the southern to the northern portal. An examination of a diagram of the Servian wall at these points will show the force of this explanation, and every reference which has led the classical authorities to the conclusion that the Porta Flumentana was in the wall between the Capitol and the river is met equally well by the suggested shifting of the name.

34. "The bridge." This was the Sublician Bridge, which then formed the sole connection between the unwall'd river front of the city and the interior of the lines of wall which joined it to the fortified citadel on Janiculum. It has been located a little below the sole remaining pier of the Pons Æmilius, where some apparent remains of an ancient wooden bridge have been discovered.

35. "Twelve fair cities." Twelve cities or cantons composed the Etruscan confederation. The number, however, was probably not absolutely fixed, and there were undoubtedly changes in the membership. At the date of the narrative they were probably Clusium, Volaterræ, Cortona, Arretium, Perusia (now Perugia), Vetulonia, Volsinii, Tarquinii (near the modern Corneto), Cære (now Cervetri and from which the word "ceremony" is said to have been derived), Veii (near the modern village of Isola Farnese), Volci, and Falerii.

36. "Each warlike Lucumo." "Lucumo" was a title of nobility, or authority, sacerdotal as well as civil. It is said to be derived from the Etruscan *lauchme*, meaning "inspired."

37. "Cilnius of Arretium." Several of the names of Macaulay's Etruscan heroes are based merely on the fact that they are Etruscan in their derivation. That of Cilnius, however, was evidently suggested

by the gens name of Caius Cilnius Mæcenas, the friend of Augustus and patron of literature, who was a native of Arretium.

38. "The four-fold shield." Compare "Iliad," XVIII, 540-542.

39. "The hold by reedy Thrasymene." Probably Cortona, which lies about seven miles from the Lacus Trasimenus, now Lago Trasimeno.

40. "False Sextus." The story of Sextus Tarquinius and his deed and its consequences is told by Livy, I, 57 et seq.

41. "The Captain of the Gate." See note 33.

42. "The holy maidens." The vestal virgins who guarded the fire that burned forever upon the hearth of Vesta were originally derived from Alba and adopted into the Roman hierarchy by Numa. A full account of their organization, duties, privileges, etc., will be found in any dictionary of antiquities.

43. "In yon strait path." The passage between the two walls that connected Janiculum with the bridge.

44. "A Ramnian proud." The Ramnians (*Ramnenses*), so named from Romulus, were the original burghers or nobles of Rome, and their descendants.

45. "Of Titian blood." The Titians (*Titenses*), so called from Titus Tatius the Sabine leader, were the descendants of the second century of nobles chosen from the Sabines so as to give each people an equal voice in the united government.

46. "Then lands were fairly portioned." Alluding to that most fruitful source of quarrels between the patricians and plebeians over the use or division of the public or conquered land. All through the early life of the Roman commonwealth the proposal of an agrarian law was the signal for the gravest civil commotions.

47. "Green Tifernum." Tifernum occupied the site of the modern Citta di Castello. It was an Umbrian rather than Etruscan town.

48. "Ilva's mines." Ilva was the ancient name of Elba. It was celebrated for its iron mines.

49. Nequinum, now Narni; and the ancient Nar is known as the Nera. The Umbrians, thought by some to have been the original inhabitants of Italy, seem to have had no central government like the Latins and Etruscans, and in several wars we find Umbrian cities fighting on each side.

50. "Ocnus of Falerii." Falerii stood near the modern town of Civita Castellana.

51. "Lausulus of Urgo." Urgo or Urgos has been identified with the little island of Gorgona not far from Leghorn.

52. "Aruns of Volsinium." Volsinium (or Volsinii) is now Orvieto.

53. "Cosa's fen." The ruins of Cosa, now known as Ansedonia, are on the seacoast near Orbetello.

54. "Albinia's shore." The Albinia is now known as the Albegna. It flows southwesterly into the Mediterranean, just above the marshes of Orbetello.

55. "The she-wolf's litter." In allusion to the nurturing of Romulus and Remus. The Romans were often called "the wolves of Italy."

56. "Mount Alvernus." The reference is doubtless to Mount Alvernia, upon which stands a modern village of the same name, about two miles north of Chiusi.

57. "And the pale augurs, muttering low, gaze on the blasted head." As to occurrences which were considered subjects for augury, read Livy, XXI, 62; XXII, 1; XXIII, 31, and XXIV, 10 and 44.

58. "Palatinus." The Rome of Romulus occupied only the Palatine Hill. Later, after the walls of Servius had included the seven hills, the Palatine remained the especial residence quarter of the great patrician families.

59. "Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!" In the classical world, each river had its presiding deity of the same name, whose worship was especially cultivated by dwellers upon its banks. Compare "Iliad," XXI, 242 et seq.

60. "The River-Gate." As the swift current, running southward, carried Horatius outside the unwall'd stretch by the bridge, the River-Gate through which Macaulay makes him enter the city must have been on the site of the Porta Trigemina. See note 33.

61. "The corn-land, that was of public right." The *ager publicus* of Rome was land derived from the conquest of other cities and states. Owned by the state, it was either divided among colonists, rented out to Roman citizens on shares, or used for common pasturage.

62. "As much as two strong oxen could plough from morn till night." The Roman unit of land measure was the jugerum (about two-thirds of an acre), derived from the word *jugum*, a yoke, and supposed to represent the ploughing of a yoke of oxen in one day.

63. "In the Comitium." The Comitium was a square space adjoining the Forum on the north, and probably elevated above it by a few steps. Here were held the comitia, or assemblies of the Roman people. It may be said to have been the patrician end of the Forum.

64. "To charge the Volscian home." The Volscians were a people of southern Latium with whom the Romans were more or less continuously at war for two hundred years from the reign of Tarquinius Superbus.

65. "Wives still pray to Juno." Juno Lucina was especially invoked by women looking forward to maternity.

66. "The good logs of Algidus." Algidus, now Monte Algidio, is the highest summit of the Alban Mountains.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

1. "Ho, lictors, clear the way!" The lictors were the special attendants of the consuls and dictators, and bore the emblems of supreme civil authority, the axes bound in bundles of elm rods (*secures et fasces*), to symbolize the power over life and death. The usual form of Roman execution was scourging and beheading.

2. "The Knights will ride." For information as to the equestrian order, see the Introduction to this poem. Also, consult any dictionary of classical antiquities.

3. "Castor in the Forum." Three columns still mark the site of the temple of Castor and Pollux in the Forum. They stand at the foot of the Palatine Hill, near the ruins of the temple of Vesta.

4. "Mars without the wall." The temple of Mars stood upon a small elevation beside the Appian Way, about half a mile beyond the Porta Capena.

5. "Each Knight is robed in purple." The knights, during the ceremony of the *Equitum transvectio* wore the trabea, a white gown with horizontal purple stripes. It was one of the original badges of the kingly dignity.

6. "The Yellow River." See "Horatius," note 24.

7. "The Sacred Hill." The allusion here is doubtless to the Capitoline Hill, whereon stood the Capitolium dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, rather than to the Mons Sacer mentioned in "Virginia."

8. "The proud Ides of Quintilis." The Ides of Quintilis was July 15.

9. "Gay are the Martian Kalends." On the Martian Kalends, March 1, was celebrated the festival of the Matronalia, mainly to commemorate the ending of the war between the Romans and Sabines through the intercession of the women. It was the custom for husbands to give presents to their wives on this day.

10. "December's Nones are gay." December's Nones, December 5, was the festival of the Faunalia in honor of the god Faunus.

11. "The Great Twin Brethren." Castor and Pollux are generally alluded to in mythology as the sons of Leda, wife of Tyndareus king

of Sparta, and of Zeus disguised as a swan. More strictly speaking, the accepted myth is that, of four children born at a birth, Castor and Clytemnestra were the offspring of Tyndareus, and Pollux and Helen of Zeus. Of the so-called twins, then, Pollux alone was immortal, but such was his fraternal affection that, at his request, Zeus granted him, upon his brother's death, that they should possess a joint immortality on every other day.

12. "They came o'er wild Parthenius. Mount Parthenius rises on the boundary between Argolis and Arcadia, where it approaches the Laconian frontier.

13. "O'er Cirrha's dome." Cirrha in Phocis was the port of Delphi. Its site is now occupied by the miserable village of Magoula.

14. "From where with flutes and dances." The flute was the national musical instrument of the Spartans, and their armies marched to its strains.

15. "The City of two kings." Lacedæmon, or Sparta, was unique among Greek communities for its double kingship. The nearest approach is found in the two consuls at Rome.

16. "To where, by Lake Regillus." See Introduction to this poem.

17. "In the lands of Tusculum." See "Horatius," note 23.

18. "Corne's oaks." Pliny speaks of a grove dedicated to Diana at a place called Corne, "a suburban eminence of the Tusculan region." This is the modern Cornufelle, close by the crater which once contained the Lake Regillus. See Gell's "Topography of Rome and its Vicinity."

19. "The Thirty Cities" of the Latin confederacy were, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Ardea, Aricia, Bovillæ, Bubentum, Corniculum, Carventum, Cerceii, Corioli, Corbio, Cora, Fortinii (?), Gabii, Laurentum, Lavinium, Labicum, Lanuvium, Nomentum, Norba, Præneste, Pedum, Querquetulum, Satricum, Scaptia, Setia, Tellenæ, Tibur, Tusculum, Toleria, Tricrinum(?), and Velitræ.

20. "Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen."

The date of the battle is supposed to have been 495 B.C.

21. "Consul first in place." See "Horatius," note 32. There is some doubt as to whether the *consul major* was the older or the one first elected or the one presiding that month.

22. "Gabii." A few ruins on the banks of the now drained Lago Castiglione near the Via Prænestina, and about nine miles from the Porta Maggiore, mark the site of Gabii.

23. "Rome's Eastern Gate." Probably the Porta Esquilina, which stood near the present site of the arch of Gallienus.

24. "To bring the Tarquins home." For the story of the Tarquins, see Livy, I, 35-60.

25. "Conscript Fathers." See "Horatius," note 28.

26. "Then choose we a Dictator." For full details of the choice and office of dictator consult dictionary of classical antiquities.

27. "Camerium." Supposed to have occupied the site of the modern Palombara. It was taken and destroyed by the consul Verginius (502 B.C.) for espousing the cause of the Tarquins. Dionysius, V, 21, 40, 49.

28. "Axes twenty-four." The consuls being attended by twelve lictors each, the dictator, who took over the authority of both, was attended by the full twenty-four bearing the axes and rods.

29. "He made Æbutius Elva
His Master of the Knights."

The dictator usually nominated his *magister equitum*, or lieutenant, though a name was sometimes suggested to him in the decree of his own appointment.

30. "Setia's purple vineyards." Setia is now Sezze. Originally it was a town of the Volscians. It became a Roman colony after 382 B.C. Its wine was the imperial vintage most prized by Augustus and later emperors.

31. "Norba's ancient wall." The ruins of Norba are not far from Ninfa on the road from Rome to Terracina.

32. "From where the Witch's Fortress
O'erhangs the dark-blue seas."

The allusion is to Cereii, of which only a few ruins remain. The promontory on which they stand, now known as Promontorio Circeo or Monte Cicello, was supposed to have been the site of the palace of the enchantress Circe, visited by Ulysses in the "Odyssey."

33. "From the still, glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees."

The modern village of Ariccia stands where the citadel of Aricia once stood. The ancient city lay a little to the southward. It was famous for its temple of Diana Aricina, situated in a grove on the border of Lake Nemorensis (now Nemi). Her priesthood could be attained only by a runaway slave who had been able to challenge the former incumbent by breaking a branch from a certain tree in the grove, and

to kill him in single combat. He then held the office (of *Rex Nemo-rens*) until challenged and killed in like manner.

34. "The drear banks of Ufens." The Ufens, now the Uffente, is a small stream which loses itself in the Pontine marshes between Sezze and Piperno.

35. "Cora," now Cori, was fabled to have been founded by the Trojan Dardanus.

36. "The Laurentian jungle." The few ruins of Laurentum lie in the marshes near Torre di Paterno.

37. "The green steeps whence Anio leaps." The Anio, now the Teverone, rises in the Sabine Apennines and flows westerly into the Tiber a little above Rome.

38. "Velitræ," now Velletri.

39. "—— Mamilius, Prince of the Latin name." For Mamilius, see "Horatius," note 23.

40. "A vest of purple flowed,
Woven in the land of sunrise
By Syria's dark-browed daughters,"

An allusion to the famous purple dye of the Tyrian weavers.

41. "And by the sails of Carthage brought." Carthage divided with Massilia (Marseilles) the commerce of the western Mediterranean; but she gained steadily upon her rival. Hence where the author of "Horatius," who is supposed to have lived ninety years earlier, speaks of "Massilia's triremes," the present author uses "the sails of Carthage" as an equivalent expression.

42. "Lavinium." About four miles southeast of the ruins of Laurentum (see above) lie those of Lavinium, named from Lavinia, the fabled daughter of King Latinus, and the wife of Æneas. That the cities of the marsh and coast have not lived again under Italianized names, as have many of their sisters of further inland, is due to the malaria that has devastated the region for so many centuries. The conditions are known to have been very different in early times, when the country was well wooded and drained.

43. "False Sextus." See "Horatius," note 40.

44. "Tiber," now Tivoli.

45. "Pedum." The site of Pedum is probably that now occupied by the village of Gallicano.

46. "Ferentinum of the rock." Ferentinum was an Etruscan city. Its ruins lie a little north of Viterbo.

47. "There rode the Volscian succours." Contrary to ancient cus-

tom, the Latins have here marshalled their foreign allies in the centre instead of on the wings of their array. See also "Horatius," note 64.

48. "The ancient king." King Tarquin.

49. "White as Mount Soracte." Mount Soracte rises southeast of Civita Castellana on the west bank of the Tiber. Horace speaks of it ("Carm.," I, 9) as white with snow.

50. "On an Apulian steed." The best horses in ancient Italy came from the southern part of the peninsula, where the Greeks had doubtless introduced Asiatic strains. The Campanians took especial pride in their cavalry.

51. "Like the Pomptine fog at morn." The Pomptine marshes extend along the coast south of Rome from Cisterna to Terracina.

52. "From the Digentian rock." The allusion is probably to the precipitous rock upon which the village of Rocca Giovine is perched. The stream at its base, now called the Licenza, was the ancient Digentia, spoken of by Horace. ("Epist.," I, 18, 104.)

53. "Bandusia's flock." See Horace, "Carm.," III, 13.

54. "The crown he won,
When proud Fidenæ fell."

The *corona muralis* (mural crown), made with gold and decorated with turrets, was given by the general to the first man who scaled the walls of a besieged city.

55. "Fidenæ." This city, whose scanty ruins are found on the south bank of the Tiber, about five miles from the Porta Salaria, was originally the outpost Etruscan city, and the ally of Veii in her wars with Rome.

56. "That fell speckled snake." The common European viper. Its venom is said to be more dangerous the more southern the latitude.

57. "There Valerius fought." Publius Valerius, who on the banishment of Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus succeeded him as colleague of Brutus in the consulship. (Livy, II, 2.)

58. "Rex of Gabii,
The priest of Juno's shrine."

Most interesting among the ruins of Gabii are those of the celebrated temple of Juno Gabina.

59. "The Velian hill." The Velia, numbered in the original *Septimontium* (see note 85), was a northeast spur of the Palatine Hill.

60. "A Consular of Rome." One who had been consul. See note 57.

61. "I see an evil sight." After the manner of Homeric battles, the fall of Æbutius had evidently resulted in the defeat of the Roman left wing.

62. "From Aufidus." The Aufidus (now the Ofante), the principal river of Apulia, flows from the Apennines into the Adriatic Sea.

63. "To Po." The Padua (now the Po) rises in the Cottian Alps, and flows easterly across Italy into the Adriatic Sea.

64. "The southern mountains." The Alban Hills.

65. "The furies of thy brother." The Furies were the deities who haunted and punished those who had committed crimes which human justice had failed to avenge adequately. Such was the rape of Lucretia by Sextus Tarquinius.

66. "In some rich Capuan's hall." Capua, now Sta Maria di Capua Vetere, was the second city of Italy, and was noted for its wealth and the effeminacy of its citizens.

67. "Well Samothracia knows us." In allusion to the legend that when the Argo was buffeted by storms in the northern Ægean, Orpheus prayed to the Samothracian gods, whereupon stars appeared upon the heads of Castor and Pollux, who were also members of the expedition, and the storm ceased. The island is now called Samothraki.

68. "Cyrene knows us well." Cyrene was a Spartan colony on the north coast of Tripoli. Extensive ruins show its ancient importance. Castor and Pollux were honored there with a great festival.

69. "Gay Tarentum." Tarentum, now Taranto, was settled by Spartans about 707 B.C., and became one of the most powerful cities of Magna Græcia.

70. "The masts of Syracuse." Syracuse, perhaps the most famous of Greek colonial cities of the west, was settled by Dorians from Corinth.

71. "The proud Eurotas." The Eurotas (now the Vasili Potamo) rises in Arcadia and flows southward through Laconia, past Sparta, emptying into the Laconian Gulf.

72. "Ardea." The site of Ardea is now marked by rather extensive ruins and a poor village that occupies the site of the citadel.

73. "The hearth of Vesta." The remains of the circular temple of Vesta are still visible in the Forum, near that of Castor and Pollux. See also "Horatius," note 42.

74. "The Golden Shield." See "Horatius," note 21.

75. "The Celtic plain." The plains of Lombardy, the valley of the Po, were inhabited by tribes of Celtic Gauls.

76. "Our Sire Quirinus." Quirinus, an ancient Roman (or Latin) war deity, was supposed to be the apotheosized Romulus.

77. "Lanuvium." The site of Lanuvium is now occupied by the small town of Civita Lavinia.

78. "Nomentum" lay near the modern village of Mentana.

79. "Arpinum" is now Arpino. It was the birthplace of Marius and of Marcus Tullius Cicero. As the greatest of the Tullian gens was born there, Macaulay calls its chief Tullus.

80. "Anxur." A town of the Volscians. Later it was called Terracina, now Terracina.

81. "The great Arician seer." The *Rex Nemorensis*. See note 33.

82. "The High Pontiff." The Pontifex Maximus, head of the college of pontiffs, was the highest religious dignitary in ancient Rome. The details of his selection, duties, dignities, etc., will be found in any dictionary of antiquities. The title was probably derived from *pons* (a bridge) and *facere* used in the sense of the Greek *ῥέγειν* (to perform a sacrifice), because the pontiffs presided over certain annual sacrifices that were offered on the Sublician Bridge. It is also maintained that *facere* should be construed "to make" (or build), and that the title means a bridge builder, because the first bridge over the Tiber was built by or under the auspices of the pontiffs. The name is especially interesting as having been preserved as one of the titles of the popes of Rome.

83. "In all Etruria's colleges." The Latin *collegium* was not used as now to designate an advanced educational institution, but meant simply a corporation of several *collegæ* (colleagues) banded together for any religious or civil purpose. As Rome's hierarchy and ritual were drawn largely from Etruscan sources, it was natural to praise the head of the college of pontiffs by comparing him favorably with those of Etruria.

84. "The great Asylum." Temples, altars, sacred groves, etc., were held throughout the classical world to be asylums or places of refuge for slaves, debtors, and criminals who fled to them. The allusion here is to the story told by Livy (I, 8), that Romulus, in order to increase the population of his city, established such a sanctuary on the slope of the Capitoline Hill. It was enclosed and known later as the "Two Groves."

85. "The hill-tops seven." The original seven hills (*Septimontium*) were, according to Festus, the Palatium, Velia, Cælius, Cermalus (on the northwest side of the Palatine), Fagutal (between the Arch of Gallienus and the Sette Sale), Oppius, and Cispius (both also parts of the Esquiline).

86. "The fire that burns for aye." See "Horatius," note 42.

87. "Vesta." See note 73.

88. "In harness on his right." It looks as if Macaulay had tripped here; for while the Greeks looked for signs of good augury on the right, the Romans looked for them on the left. Both agreed in considering the east lucky, but the Greek augur faced north, and the Roman, south. The criticism is perhaps trivial, since the appearance of supporting gods upon either hand of a general in battle would doubtless be considered favorable; but it is a compliment to Macaulay's care in such matters, that one wonders he did not place the good omen on the left. The same comment may be made upon the allusion in stanza XXXII.

89. "Safe comes the ship to haven." See Horace, "Carm." I, 3.

VIRGINIA.

1. "The three memorable laws": *First*, that one consul should always be a plebeian. *Second*, that no one should possess more than 500 jugera of the public land nor keep upon it more than 100 head of large or 500 of small cattle. *Third*, that certain interests paid on borrowed money should be deducted from the debt, and that the balance should be paid in three yearly instalments.

2. "Fescennine verse." Originally extemporaneous verses recited in dialogues by country people, principally at harvest and wedding festivities. They are said to have originated at the Etruscan town of Fescenium. Others say that the name is derived from *fascium* (enchantment), which the verses were supposed to ward off. At first they were confined to mutual satire and repartee, but with the deterioration of morals they became grossly obscene.

3. "The story of Domitian's turbot." See Juvenal, "Sat." IV.

4. "The bold Tribunes." See Introduction to this poem.

5. "Fountains running wine." In the Golden Age of Greek mythology life was pictured as ideal. Truth and right were universal, war was unknown, the earth brought forth its increase without labor of ploughing and sowing; perpetual spring reigned, with its wealth of flowers, and the rivers ran with milk and wine.

6. "Maids with snaky tresses." A reference to the Gorgons of Greek mythology, the most famous of whom was Medusa, whose head turned those who saw it into stone. The story is prettily told in Bulfinch's "Age of Fable."

7. "Sailors turned to swine." Alluding to the tale of the companions of Ulysses changed into swine by Circe. (See "Battle of

Lake Regillus," note 32.) Circe was supposed to symbolize sensual indulgence, the pursuit of which was aptly fabled to change men into the lowest of the beasts.

8. "The wicked Ten." See Introduction to this poem, and, for the full story of the Decemvirate and its fall, Livy, III.

9. "King Tarquin." See Livy, I, 47-60.

10. "Twelve axes." The consular insignia were the axes (*securæ*) bound up in bundles of elm staves (*fusces*). In some cases only the fasces were carried by the lictors. See "Battle of Lake Regillus," notes 1 and 28.

11. "The client Marcus." The clients of the great houses were a distinct class in Rome. Though they seem to have had votes in the *comitia centuriata* for the election of magistrates, passage of laws, etc., still they were not plebeians or Roman citizens in the full sense of the terms. The best parallel is found in the position of the feudal retainers of mediæval Europe as opposed to that of the free commons of the towns. Each noble patron prided himself on the number of his clients; the relation was hereditary, and, in later times, even cities and states took some noble family as their patron, usually that of the general who had subjugated them.

12. "With her small tablets in her hand." *Tabulæ ceratæ*, upon which the ancients wrote with the sharp stylus of steel or ivory, were small, oblong pieces of wood, covered with wax, and hinged so as to fold together.

13. "The Sacred Street." The *Via Sacra* probably ran from about where the Coliseum now stands, through the forum, which, together with the comitium, was practically embraced by its two branches, and to where the *Clivus Capitolinus* began its winding ascent of the Capitolium.

14. "Lucrece." For the story of Lucretia, see Livy, I, 57 et seq.

15. "The Alban Mountains" lie about twelve miles to the south-east of Rome.

16. "The Seven Hills." See "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 85.

17. "The Forum all alive." The forum in early times had on two sides porticoes of peperino columns between which were the stalls of schoolmasters and the shops of tradesmen, principally butchers. At a later period money-changers and bankers occupied most of the cells.

18. "Punic." Carthaginian.

19. "The year of the sore sickness." The pestilence of 463 B.C. afflicted Rome fourteen years before the episode of Virginia is supposed to have occurred. See Livy, III, 6.

20. "Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung." The spoils of the Curatii slain by the Horatii in the war between Rome and Alba in the reign of Tullus Hostilius. See Livy, I, 24-26.

21. "Be men to-day, Quirites." Quirites (from Quirium, the original Sabine city on the Quirinal and Capitolium, or from Quirinus. See "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 76) was the term applied to the citizens or people of Rome in their civil capacity. For the army to be so addressed implied deep disgrace and carried with it the inference that the soldiers were such no longer, and were worthy to be considered only as the rabble of the forum. The distinction was much more clearly defined in later times when the legionaries became more and more a professional class, and when the populace had degenerated. Cæsar and other generals brought mutinous troops to terms, on several occasions, by merely addressing them as *Quirites*.

22. "For this did Servius give us laws." Servius Tullius, the sixth of the kings, was the defender of the commons against the patricians. His story is told in Livy, I.

23. "Tarquin's evil seed." See Livy, I, 57 et seq.

24. "The axes of their sire." An allusion to the story of Brutus, the first Roman consul, who ordered his sons to execution for conspiring for the return of the Tarquins. See Livy, II, 5.

25. "Scævola's right hand." For the story of Mucius Scævola, see Livy, II, 12.

26. "One lord." A king.

27. "The Sacred Hill." The sacred mount has been identified with the hill about three miles from Rome, just beyond where the Ponte Nomentano bridges the Anio (or Teverone). For the secession of the plebeians, and the first election of tribunes consequent thereon, see Livy, II, 32-33. Thereafter the ground was left open, occupied only by an altar to Jupiter, to whom the hill was consecrated.

28. "They faced the Marcian fury." For the story of Caius (or Gnaeus) Marcius Coriolanus, see Livy, II, 33 et seq.

29. "They tamed the Fabian pride." The Fabian *gens* was often at deadly feud with the commons. Macaulay probably refers here to when, in 482 B.C., the soldiers refused to fight the Veientes under the consul Quintus Fabius, who was obliged to return home unsuccessful and disgraced.

30. "The fiercest Quinctius." Cæso Quinctius, son of Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, was exiled 461 B.C.

31. "The haughtiest Claudius." Appius Claudius, the founder of the house.

32. "Fasces." See note 10.

33. "Still keep the holy fillets ; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown."

At this time all offices, religious, civil, and military, were in the hands of the patricians. Icilius uses the official insignia for the offices themselves : the holy fillets for the priesthoods, the curule chair for high magistracies, the *trabea* with its purple stripes, and the axes, for consulships and dictatorships, and the ivory chair car and laurel crown for the triumphing general.

34. "Still till your garners from the soil which our good swords have won." For this and other patrician privileges and abuses, see Introduction to this poem.

35. "The Shades beneath us." The spirits of the dead in the realms of Pluto.

36. "Your yet more cruel love." By ancient Roman law there could be no full and legal marriage between patricians and plebeians, but, four years after the episode of Virginia, the *Lex Canuleia* did away with this restriction.

37. "High Pontiffs." See "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 82.

38. "Ancient Alban kings." Alba Longa, not far from the modern Albano, the most ancient town in Latium, was said to have been built by Ascanius, the son of Æneas. It was called "Longa," because it stretched in a long line down the Alban mount. On its destruction by Tullus Hostilius its inhabitants were removed to Rome.

39. "Capuan odors." A street in Capua (the *Seplasia*) was occupied entirely by the sellers of perfumes. See also "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 66.

40. "Spanish gold." Spain was a leading source of the ancient gold supply. See "Prophecy of Capys," note 7.

41. "Straightway Virginius led the maid." For the full story of Virginia, see Livy, III, 44 et seq.

42. "The great sewer." The *Cloaca Maxima*, the building of which is assigned to Tarquinius Priscus and which is still intact and in use.

43. "My civic crown." The civic crown, made of oak leaves, was given to a soldier who saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle.

44. "The Volscian." See "Horatius," note 61.

45. "Dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain." The

deities of the under-world, over whom Pluto and Proserpina presided : Æacus, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, the judges, but more especially the Furies, Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megæra, whose duty it was to punish the crimes of those too strong for human justice.

46. "Ten thousand pounds of copper." The earliest Roman coin, the *as* or *as*, was made of copper or bronze and weighed a pound. Before that time (the reign of Servius Tullius?) lumps or ingots of the metal were weighed out as a circulating medium.

47. "A cypress crown." The cypress has been emblematic of mourning from the earliest classical times.

48. "The Pincian Hill." This hill was not included in the original city, but lay north of the walls of Servius. The walls of Aurelian enclosed the greater part of it.

49. "The Latin Gate." The Porta Capena, the most important of the southern gates in the Servian wall, is doubtless meant. The Via Appia and the Via Latina started from it in one road, separating half-way to the Aurelian Wall, through which they issued by two gates, — the Appian and the Latin. It is quite possible that in early times the Porta Capena was called also Latina.

50. "Caius of Corioli." See note 28.

51. "The yoke of Furius." Marcus Furius Camillus.

52. "The Calabrian sea-marks." High points along the Calabrian coast (the southeastern part of Italy), by which the ancient mariners, being without compass, steered their course.

53. "The great Thunder-Cape." Acroceraunium, on the coast of Epirus (Dion Cassius, *XLI*, 44), now Cape Linguetta.

54. "Mount Palatine." See "Horatius," note 58.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

1. "Now slain is King Amulius." The story of the birth of Romulus and Remus, the burying alive of their mother, the vestal, Rea Silvia, and the exposure, rescue, and return of the twins, is told by Livy, *I*, 3 et seq.

2. "Alba Longa." See "Virginia," note 38.

3. "The throne of Aventine." Among several suggested derivations of the word "Aventine" is that it is named from Aventinus, an early Alban king who was buried there (Livy, *I*, 3). Aventinus was thus a predecessor of Amulius on the throne of Alba Longa.

4. "The Pontiff Camers." The religious hierarchy would naturally be the one to pronounce sentence upon a vestal who had broken her vow of chastity. See also "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 82.

5. "A poplar crown." The poplar was sacred to Hercules, and the poplar crown was emblematic of courage and adventure. Horace, "Carm." I. 7. Hercules was especially revered by Romulus. See Livy, I. 7.

6. "His yellow foam." See "Horatius," note 24.

7. "In the Tartessian mine." The district of Tartessus, noted for its mines, lay on the coast of Spain, about the mouth of the Bætis (now Guadalquivir). It is said to have been the Tarshish of Scripture narrative. See also "Virginia," note 40.

8. "The Libyan brine." The eastern Mediterranean, a scornful allusion to the mercantile preëminence of Carthage.

9. "Thou shalt not drink from amber;
Thou shalt not rest on down.

Amber, down, etc., signify the luxuries of effeminate states, but which are not for Rome.

10. "Arabia shall not steep thy locks." Alluding to the perfumes that were imported largely from Arabia.

11. "Nor Sidon tinge thy gown." A reference to the purple dye made in the cities of the Tyrian coast.

12. "Vesta's sacred fire." See "Horatius," note 42.

13. "Pomona loves the orchard." Pomona was a Roman goddess who presided over fruit trees.

14. "And Liber loves the vine." Liber was the Roman Bacchus.

15. "And Pales loves the straw-built shed." Pales was the Roman goddess of cattle and pasture land.

16. "And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid."

Venus was the Roman goddess of love, afterwards identified with the Greek Aphrodite, from whom, however, her original conception differed quite considerably, and for the better. It would seem as if the love-goddess idea becomes more licentious as it is traced east. In modern times the name of Venus is used almost universally for Aphrodite.

17. "Thine, Roman, is the pilum." The pilum, the characteristic weapon of the Roman legionary, was a heavy javelin with a staff four and a half feet long, and a barbed iron head of the same length, but which was fitted halfway down the staff, making a total length of about six and three-fourths feet. Its advantage lay in that it could be used at a greater distance than the longest spear, while its weight gave it a

destructive force far beyond that of missiles from the bow or sling. One can imagine the effect upon a Greek phalanx of showers of such weapons fully capable of piercing the strongest defensive armor.

18. "The even trench, the bristling mound." Few matters of antiquity are more interesting than the Roman camp with its mathematical proportions and division of space, its ditch and rampart set with stakes, and so elaborate in its unvaried details, that a walled city might almost be said to spring into being at each night's halt. Many cities, in fact, owe their origin to Roman camps, as is evidenced throughout England by the frequent terminations "chester" and "cester" (from the Latin *castra*).

19. "The legion's ordered line." The legion's strong yet flexible order of battle is also most interesting, and the whole subject of Roman military affairs and discipline may be found treated in "Anthon" or any leading work on Roman antiquities.

20. "The wheels of triumph." The wheels of the ivory car which bore the triumphing general along the Sacred Way, up the *Clivus Capitolinus*, and to the steps leading to the Capitol. For full descriptions of a triumph see "Anthon" and other works on Roman antiquities.

21. "Soft Capua's curled revellers." See "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 66.

22. "The Lucumoes of Arnus." The Etruscan nobles who held sway over the valley of the Arnus, or Arno. See "Horatius," note 36.

23. "The proud Samnite's heart of steel." The Samnite wars were the bitterest of the inter-Italian struggles that led up to the supremacy of Rome. The first was from 343 to 341 B.C., the second from 326 to 304, and the third from 299 to 290.

24. "The huge earth-shaking beast." The Greeks, from the time of Alexander, used elephants in war. These animals carried little turrets containing archers and slingers. Frequently they were provided with some defensive armor, and scythelike blades were attached to their tusks. Trained and well driven, they proved formidable adversaries against the dense array of the phalanx. The Romans met them for the first time in the war against Pyrrhus; but, once accustomed to their appearance and attack, the comparatively open legionary line of battle was readily adapted to receive and defeat it.

25. "The bold Epirotes, wedged close with shield and spear." The Epirotes, like all Greeks from the time of the Macedonian supremacy, depended mainly upon their phalanx. This, in the days of Philip and Alexander, consisted of 6000 heavy-armed infantry with spears

18 to 20 feet long, and drawn up 16 deep in a solid mass. The number varied considerably at different times, and we read in "Ælian" of a phalanx of 16,000 men divided into four divisions. The shock of such a body, if unbroken, must have been terrific. When once broken, however, it was helpless, and the pilum was the weapon best adapted to tear fatal rents in it.

26. "Rome's short broadsword." The Roman sword, though longer than the Greek, had still a short blade. It was heavy and two-edged, adapted for both cutting and thrusting.

27. "The Red King." The name Pyrrhus signifies, in Greek, "red-haired."

28. "Is not the gown washed white?" See the Introduction to this poem.

29. "Manius Curius." See Introduction to this poem.

30. "The third embroidered gown." The *toga picta*, white embroidered with gold, was worn over the *tunica palmata*, or flowered tunic, by the triumphing general.

31. "The third lofty car." See note 20.

32. "The third green crown." A crown of laurel was worn by the triumphing general.

33. "The steeds of Rosea." Rosea was the name given to the fertile plain extending along the valley of the Velinus (Velino) near Reate (Rieti). It was famous for its breeds of asses, mules, and horses. See Virg. "Æn.," VII, 712; Varro, "De Re Rustica," I, 7, § 10, II, 1, § 16; III, 2, § 10, and Cicero, "Ad Atticus," IV, 15.

34. "Mevania's bull." Mevania was an ancient name of the Clitumnus. See "Horatius," note 14.

35. "The Sacred Way." See "Virginia," note 13.

36. "The suppliant's Grove." See "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 84.

37. "Then where, o'er two bright havens,
The towers of Corinth frown."

Situated upon an isthmus, Corinth had two harbors, one on the Saronic Gulf and one on the Gulf of Corinth.

38. "The gigantic King of Day." The wonderful statue of Phœbus, the Sun-god, the national deity of the Rhodians. It was known as the Colossus of Rhodes and was reckoned among the "Seven Wonders of the World." See Introduction to this poem.

39. "Where soft Orontes murmurs." The Orontes, now the Nahr El-Ahsy, rises in southern Syria and flows northward, until, circling Antioch, it empties southwesterly into the Mediterranean. Antioch,

built by Seleucus Nicator, was a city of wonderful magnificence. See also Introduction to this poem.

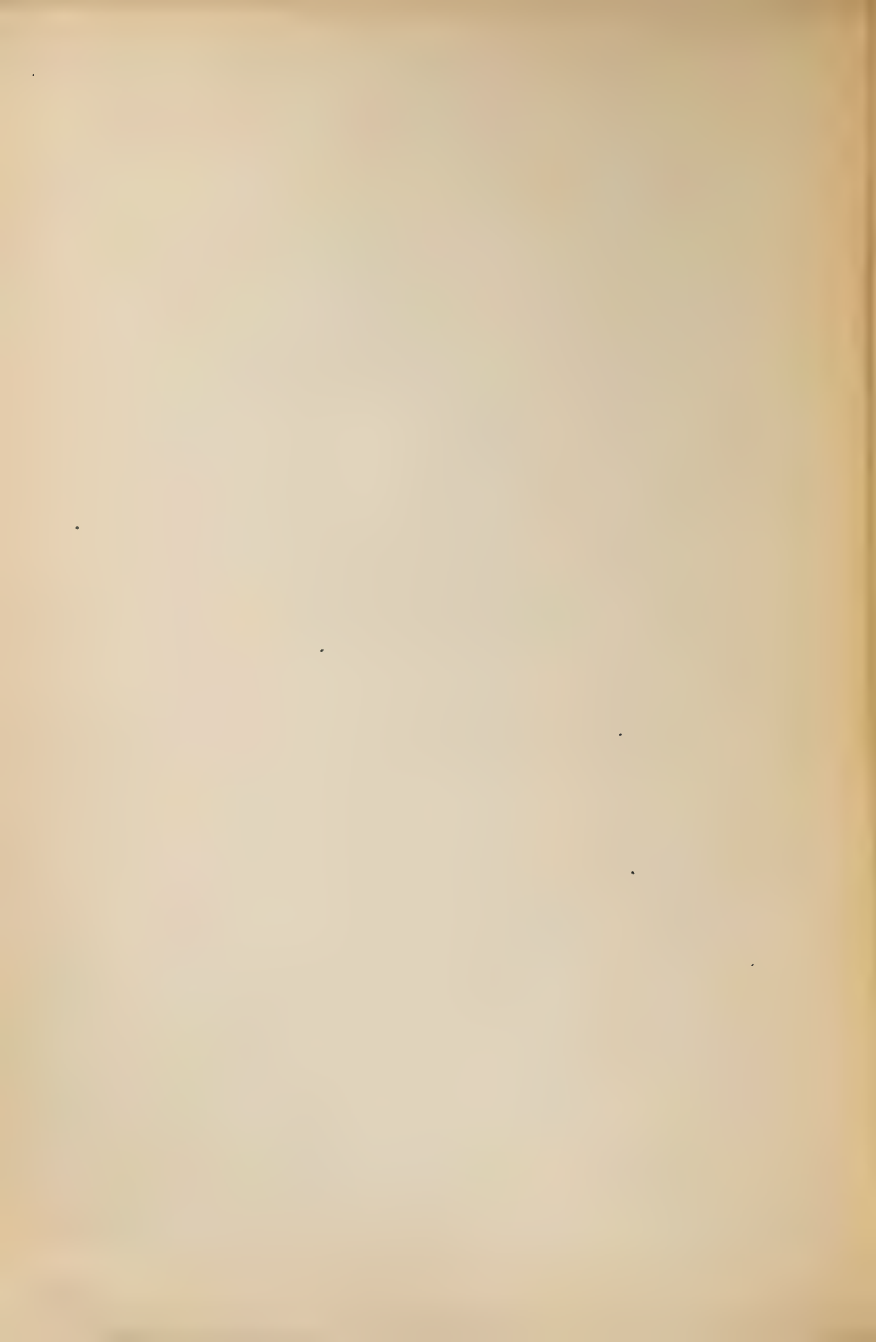
40. "Dark-red colonnades." The red granite of Syène, and much of the sandstone used in the building of the great Egyptian temples and palaces, gave them a rich reddish tone, while the ruins at Luxor, Karnac, and at other points along the Nile tell us of colonnades that must indeed have seemed endless.

41. "Byrsa's thousand masts." Byrsa was the citadel of Carthage. See also "Battle of Lake Regillus," note 41.

42. "Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice."

Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Media, across whose deserts the Indian caravans brought the spices of the far East.

43. "Where Atlas flings his shadow." The great Atlas range or ranges extend from the Atlantic Ocean to the eastern border of Mauritania, or across the modern Morocco into Algiers. The fable was, that Atlas, whose bulk surpassed that of all men, was king of the farthest west, and that when he offered violence instead of hospitality to Perseus, the hero held toward him the head of the Gorgon, Medusa, whereupon he became stone—a mountain upon whose top the gods set heaven with all the stars, that they might be supported in place.



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